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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 125.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 25, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lafayette, Dublin*

LADY HAWKESBURY

One of the most prominent personalities of the Irish Court. Her husband, Lord Hawkesbury, unites the offices of Chamberlain and State Steward to the Viceroy

No 125.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Motor Year-Book and Automobilists' Annual, 1906." By Massac Buist. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"In Youth." By Ennis Richmond. (Alston Rivers: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The *Queen* Newspaper Book of Travel, 1906." (2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Anglo-Saxon." By George F. Boxall. (T. Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)

"The Governance of England." By Sidney Low. (T. Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Sport and Travel: Abyssinia and British East Africa." By Lord Hindlip. (T. Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Secret Church." By Lucas Cleeve. (Digby Long: 6*s.*)

"The Avengers." By Headon Hill. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"By a Vanished Hand." By Alfred Feeny. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Power of Ula." By J. Sheldon Williams. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Simple Annals." By M. E. Francis. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"The Sphinx's Lawyer." By Frank Danby. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Richard Baldock." By Archibald Marshall. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

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TO

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
April 25, 1906

The little son of the late Marshall Field, the millionaire of Chicago, sailed for Europe the other day accompanied by his mother, tutor, and two valets. Two valets only—is this not carrying the Spartan theory a little two far?

* * *

Major Oswald Ames, the tallest officer in the British Army, is retiring. We shall now less than ever be able to associate the Army with lofty ames.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to abolish the millionaire has, it is understood, led to the receipt by Mr. Carnegie of a greatly increased number of applications for libraries. Townships which had intended to defer establishing libraries, realise the danger of delay.

* * *

During one week sixty tons of bloom were sent from Spalding station alone to the Metropolis to help, as one journal puts it, "to make London beautiful." The idea that London needed beautifying will seem quaint to anyone familiar with the Strand scaffoldings.

* * *

Traffic was delayed on the "Bakerloo" the other day, owing, it is stated, to the fusing of a cable. We should have thought the delay was due to the refusing of a cable.

* * *

Some curious articles are to be found in the toy cupboards of English nurseries, but the strangest is probably that owned by a New York child, who keeps as his most cherished possession a human skeleton. We were aware that children were quickly making themselves equal with their parents, but it appears that the junior, not content with imitating the senior in desirable ways, must now even have his own skeleton in the cupboard.

* * *

The arrival of the centenarian servant girl adds a new terror to existence. Many a man who relies on death alone to rescue him from the tyranny of the family cook will now despairingly resign himself to everlasting bondage.

Rather Impossible!

(SCENE: *The pit door of a theatre presenting a play which hasn't exactly caught on*)

POLICEMAN *(mechanically)*: "Form up four deep there, please"

Mundane Maxims

So surely as a woman shows her early photographs, so surely does she confess to *Anno Domini*.

Love is largely inspired by the fear of platonics.

Speak aloud your name, and we shall know your character.

The battle of Colenso was lost on the playing-fields of Eton.

Many women fall because they turn the full-stops into commas.

How can the West-End clergyman be enthusiastic about heaven after a Savoy dinner?

She confesses to thirty-two. Why look farther for the oldest woman in the world?

When a bad man dies it is customary to say that he is "at rest." This is encouraging the others.

Opportunity makes the co-respondent.

The newspaper magnate insists that his editors shall be experienced and his domestics of good character.

The purchase of the control of a halfpenny newspaper is a deliberate attempt to corner canonisation.

Why did Herod die before the advent of the chorus-girl?

The demise of Crœsus is an unsolved mystery because he never gave away a free library.

If you aspire to be an actress, buy five beans, and practise.

* * *

The new Vauxhall Bridge, a model of which is on show in the lobby of the L.C.C., is to bear figures symbolical of Science, Fine Arts, Engineering, Agriculture, Architecture—and Local Government! On similar lines, perhaps, the new Education Office buildings in Whitehall will be decorated with statues representing History, Geography, Mathematics, and —Passive Resistance!

World-Wide Disaster: A Victim of Vesuvius

The remains of a Vesuvian village

The village of Bosco-Trecase, which was almost wiped out of existence by the fearful eruption of Vesuvius. This picture was taken at the risk of the artist's life

World-Wide Disaster: The Fate of 'Frisco

Photo *Photochrom Co.*

Market Street, San Francisco

The great subterranean war of 1906, which began by a violent bombardment of Naples and its district from the volcanic eminence of Vesuvius, was continued last week by a completely successful attack on San Francisco. Three earthquake shocks of appalling suddenness and severity, having damaged, more or less, every building in the "City of the Golden Gate," fire supervened, causing thousands of deaths, and damaging property to the tune of millions. The above is a view of the great thoroughfare, Market Street, as it used to be, showing the sky-scraper office of the *Call* newspaper

Bedroom Drama

(*Some staccato notes at the play by the "blasé débutante"*)

Act I.

"Mps! What frocks! Expensive, but *outré*. Three hundred a year, her father's income! Why the gown cost that, if the buckles aren't paste. That's the third chair she's sat on in five minutes, not counting two couches and a lean on the table. Mother, what does he mean by saying that married women *recognise* impropriety? Oh, dear, where do we go afterwards? What top-hole teeth the blue girl's got! Or is it because she knows how to show them without making faces? I don't like the way he says 'Thank you.' He says it as if the girl had tipped him. Doesn't he go out of the room nicely?"

* * *

Act II.

"Here comes the *nice* man! Two and a half years after! And he's wearing the same socks! Are men graceful when they are by themselves, in real life? Where's the programme? I suppose it's artistic to be honourable. The man who recites all the epigrams must be a blood relation of the authoress. Or is it an author? No, an authoress, because the men swear so. Why do the audience laugh when the nice man says 'Damn'? That's the fourth time the comic man has come in and gone out again — just as if he were a restaurant proprietor. Is this the first night?"

* * *

Act III.

"Morning room in Philipson's flat, Kensington Court. One, two, three, four doors! One for the hall, three other rooms! Four rooms all in, one hall, and a bathroom, I hope, I mean I expect. That's £200 a year at least, and he's a 'struggling' journalist. Hello, who put her in the cupboard? I missed that. You can't wear a white vest with champagne cloth. Put some pale blue spots on it, you, though you oughtn't to wear anything of the sort, really—if you've got the right wig on. Of course it's a wig, mother. She'd have a snub nose and a *svelte* figure if it were her own. There, she doesn't love him. I expected that. He's too squeaky, and much too poor, and he's not like her brother. It's a little morganatic of course, but she might have given him a trial. How would you put that remark in French? Oh, la, la! Naughty mother! Here is the restaurant proprietor again, along with his horizontal nose. How they chuckle at him! Nothing makes me so thirsty as bottled mirth."

Colonel Royston

In command of the special corps being raised for active service in Zululand

Act IV.

"Still at Philipson's flat, with all the chairs and tables in different positions, which is absurd. No man moves things, except adjournments, and *that* got papa his peerage. I wonder if she meant to show her stockings when she sat down then. What say, mother? I like the pale-faced one who acts the servant. He's rather like a Cabinet Minister, so aloof, and such an honest, Scottish face! Mps! They're going to make love again. If he talks down the back of her neck much longer, he'll give her a cold. She's got the right complexion for influenza. Why do they paint themselves? Are they afraid of being recognised afterwards? Heavens, mother, he's locked the door! How sinful, but that is what they put the locks on for, isn't it? Mother, you don't — oh, all right! Is that a bishop in the second row? I expect they'll hold a free matinée performance for the clergy. Going on? Very well, but I should like to have known how she got the key from him. Do you know what I should have done? Poured the wash-jug down his neck! (Downing Street, please, John!)"

There has been so much to write about of late that the weather has not come in for its fair share of attention. This is a pity, because the Clerk has surpassed himself lately. He has introduced to us quite a taking novelty in the shape of five-minute heat-waves and cold spells. He has also arranged different weather for different London streets, so that no pedestrian can complain of sameness.

TO ELLEN TERRY

(*April* 28, 1906)

Thy Jubilee! If this indeed be truth,
Then History must write against thy name
One golden mark for fifty years of Fame,
Another for thy fifty years of Youth.

As "Servant of the Public," who so brave
The measure of thy service to define?
Never was Master loved so well as thine,
And yet, though Master, loved to be thy slave.

For either Mask is thine; to-day thy wit
Makes Life a Comedy. But Yesterday
It was a thing of tears, and, though 'twas Play,
Our pulses quickened with the pain of it.

Comes all the world thy wondrous Art to see,
Save only One—and He who holds aloof
Is Father Time; of this thyself the proof,
For who that came has e'er forgotten thee?

The Topictator

("*The ceremony of distributing Easter eggs at the Church of St. Mary, Woolnoth, is 600 years old. We understand that it was not always so peaceably carried out as it was on Easter Day this year.*"—DAILY PAPER)

Here we are a_ain

His forty-second season of first-class cricket

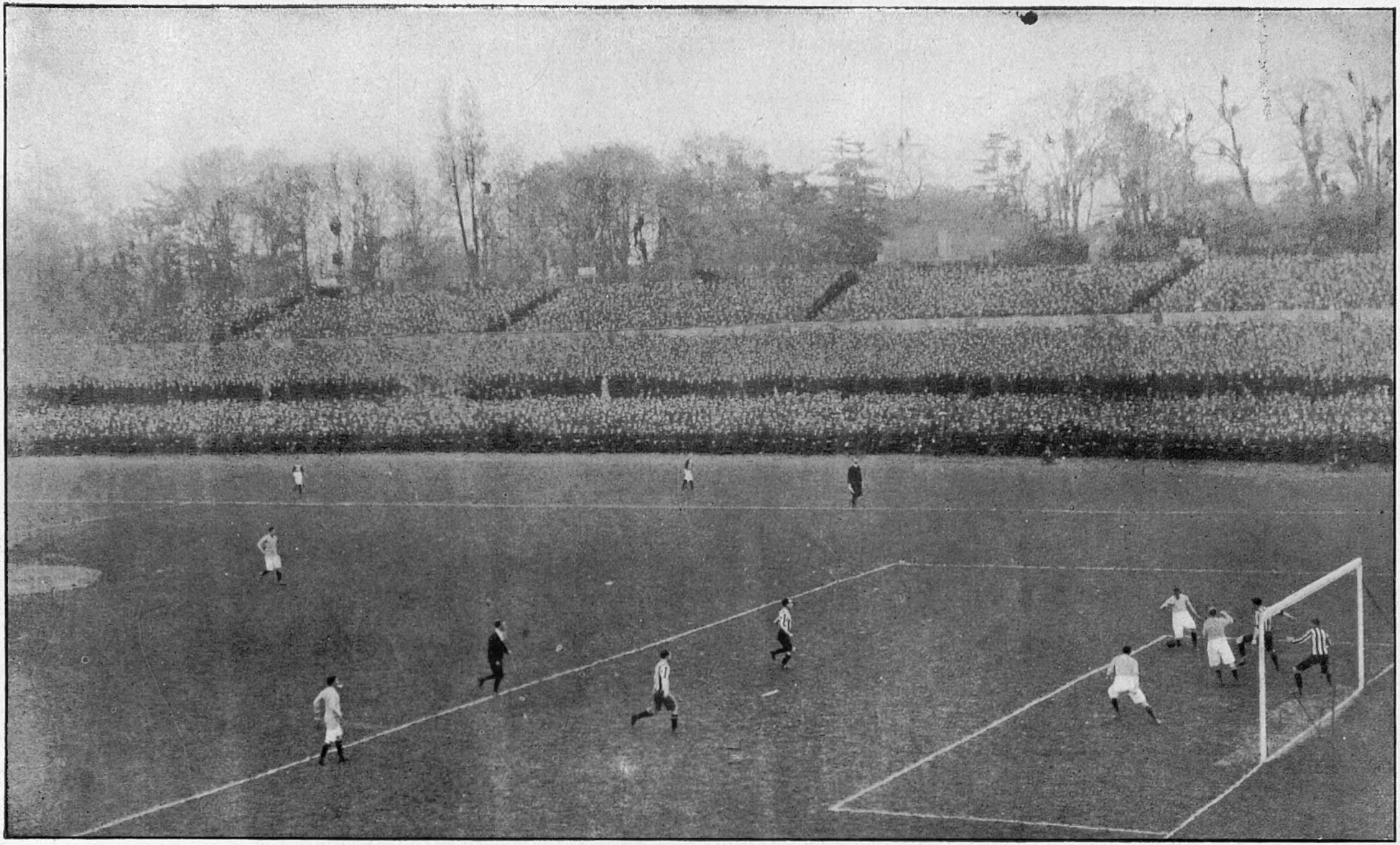
San Francisco, April 18, 1906

UNCLE SAM: "Guess I'm bound to do everything on a big scale"

("*Whaune that April with his shoures sote.*"—CHAUCER)

AGRICOLA: "Come, young feller, you're all behind with them show'rs"

The Black Peril



Photo] **Final of the Cup Tie at the Crystal Palace: The play a few seconds before Everton scored their goal** *[Russell and Sons*

Newcastle United disappointed their admirers. Their combination was weak. Everton, who had most of the play in each half, won a not very exciting match by a goal to nil. The crowd, 76,000 in round figures, was not up to the mark for a Cup Tie Final

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Newmarket's Poor Programme

There was a comparative handful of visitors to the Craven Meeting last week. The programme was unworthy of Newmarket, and it is useless for the Jockey Club to attempt to popularise the racing at the headquarters of the Turf unless they launch out more enterprisingly in the matter of stake-money. What other important meeting in the kingdom could hold three consecutive days' racing without a single event being worth £1,000 or more to the winner? The bare idea would be thought to spell disaster at Kempton or Sandown, and surely the policy which has been found to pay at those go-ahead meetings should be worthy of imitation by the autocrats of Newmarket, who have no dividends to pay.

A Threatened Invasion

To my thinking, the most pleasant feature of last week's racing was the reappearance of Cicero. The French with Jardy, Finasseur, and Prestо II., and the Hungarians with Patience, are likely to make a big effort this year to win the Ascot Gold Cup—beyond doubt the most coveted trophy in racing—while Great Scot has been sent from India to take part in that event. Therefore, we want all our best horses in the best of condition to withstand the foreign invasion. And we observed last week that Cicero, at least, is ready for the fray. I have never seen the Derby winner looking better, and his action in the race was simply irreproachable. All who were at Epsom last year will remember how much of an aristocrat Cicero appeared by the side of Jardy. Excuses were reasonably urged for the French horse, who was in the fell hands of *la grippe*. But only a few days since I saw Jardy in his stable at La Fouilleuse, and though now in perfect health, he still compares unfavourably in appearance with Cicero.

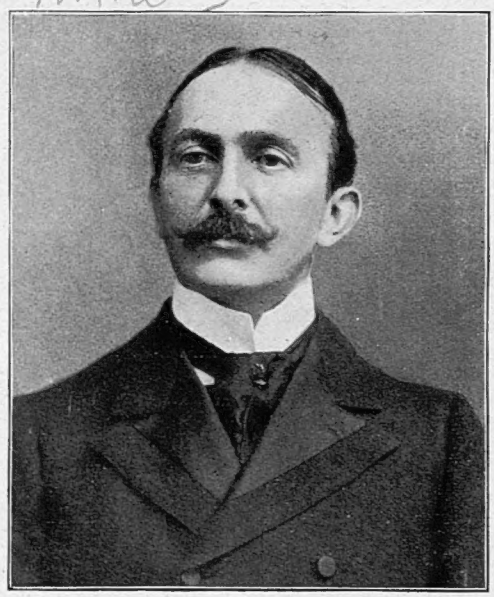


Photo *Alman*

Mr. August Belmont

The American racing magnate, who has just paid £25,000 for Rock Sand

Lord Rosebery on the Turf

Lord Rosebery's colours are always popular on the Turf, and the fact that he purchased Amitié and Alcanzor at the sale of the late Sir James Miller's horses last week seems to indicate that he intends to enlarge his interests in racing. Lord Rosebery's Turf career is somewhat analogous to his life in the political arena. He has enjoyed some of the greatest triumphs that can fall to an owner of race-horses, but when a bad time has come for his horses—bad times will come sooner or later to all owners—he has virtually ceased to struggle, and retired temporarily from the Turf.

Last Words on the "City"

And now to the question of the moment in racing circles. What will win the City and Suburban? St. Amant, reserved for a bigger prize later in the season, has disappeared from the race during the past few days, and there were moments when it seemed likely that Donnetta, to whose chance of success I alluded last week, would share the same fate. I happen to know that Sir Edgar Vincent and his trainer were amazed when this mare, usually so consistent, was badly beaten in her trial. In fact, they think that she was not her true self on that day, and have decided to let her take her chance at Epsom. I, for one, am disinclined to desert the mare merely on the strength of the home gallop. Polymelus is all the rage at the moment of writing, and there can be no question of his good class, but the Epsom course is a curious one, and I prefer to trust to horses that have previously done well over its gradients. Dean Swift would come satisfactorily out of this test, but one cannot place much faith in a horse with so faint a heart. I shall leave the issue, therefore, to **Ambition** or **Donnetta**, both of whom have proved beyond dispute their excellence on the Surrey Downs.

At Sandown Park

After Epsom we have an important meeting at Sandown Park on the three concluding days of the week, and most people will turn with pleasure from the discomforts of the former gathering to the quieter delights of the picturesque Esher course. I fancy Croisette will follow up his Newmarket success in the Esher Plate, and Vril, who has been very disappointing so far to Mr. James Buchanan, may make amends by taking the Twickenham Handicap. One of the best three-year-olds seen out so far this season is Gingal, who has more than an outside Derby chance, and should certainly prove equal to winning the Tudor Plate on Friday. Saturday's racing at Sandown Park will be under National Hunt rules, and formally ends the steeplechasing season. I may suggest that Liberté will win the Grand International Steeplechase, and that One Away ought to take the Great Sandown Hurdle Race.

ROUND THE TOWN

Mutinous Mother Earth

The frightful fit of tantrums into which, for some reason or another, staid old Mother Earth has thought fit to work herself, has had the effect of smothering not only the city of San Francisco, and the villages at the foot of Vesuvius, but also every ordinary topic which we should otherwise have found ourselves discussing just now. Such a catastrophe as that in California could only have happened to an American city. Gargantuan feats on the part of Nature would seem to be thrown away on mere old-world communities. Had Vesuvius, for instance, been an American volcano, and not a native of gentle, cultured Italy, it would never have stopped short at the mere destruction of a few villages, but would have overwhelmed Naples, Rome, and Florence, in one swoop. I don't know why. Perhaps it is Nature's way of chastening our cousins for the priceless benefits they enjoy in the possession of such treasures as Dowie, Pierpoint Morgan, Torrey-Alexander, and Mrs. Carrie Nation.

* * *

Tragedy or Farce?

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Haddock Divorce Case to the effect that no State can grant a divorce when only one of the parties is resident in that State, although it may make, in the end, for healthy change, has excited, and will continue to excite until the full report of the case is given out, more consternation and anxiety both in England and America than any other marital decision within the present memory. At present, the divorced of both sexes are considerably in doubt as to the exact person to whom he or she is actually married, whether he or she has, all unwitting, committed bigamy, and whether the children of the second marriage are legitimate or illegitimate.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Florence Monteith

Who is well-known at Covent Garden and on the Continent, is to give a concert on May 1, at the Bechstein Hall

It appears that hundreds of divorce decrees have been granted in cases where the necessary conditions, *i.e.* that of marital domicile in the same State, was not complied with, and, therefore, according to the decison of the Supreme Court, such divorces are not universally legal. Next week, I shall, perhaps, be able to discuss the bearing of the decision on some of the best-known people in Society, who will most certainly be affected by it in the legality, or otherwise, of their second marriages.

* * *

Lady Hawkesbury

Lady Hawkesbury, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number, enjoys the position of being the wife of one of the most popular men in Dublin Society, though she herself runs her husband very close indeed in the race for popularity. As Captain Arthur Foljambe, Lord Hawkesbury was A.D.C. to Lord Cadogan, when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and he and his wife, who is Lord Monck's only daughter, were much liked in Dublin during the Cadogan *régime*. Lord Hawkesbury now unites the offices of Chamberlain and State Steward to the Viceroy, and he and Lady Hawkesbury are once again among the shining lights of the Irish Court.

The Hon. Eleanor Grosvenor

Who is shortly to be married to Mr. J. Grant, eldest son of the late Sir Charles Grant. Miss Grosvenor is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Stalbridge

* * *

Miss Florence Monteith

On Tuesday afternoon, May 1, Miss Florence Monteith will give a vocal recital at Bechstein Hall, this being her first public appearance since her return from the Continent. Miss Monteith is as well known in the opera houses of Naples, of Rome, and of Lisbon, as she is at Covent Garden, where opera-goers will remember the success which greeted her début as "Michaela" in *Carmen*, and there is no doubt that she will be heard to equal advantage on the concert platform.

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Countess Dentice-Frasso (née Georgine Wilde)

Married with great pomp at the Brompton Oratory last Monday, Miss Wilde, who is the daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Henry Siegel, is the latest American girl to be allied with an ancient European family—this time, however, of the Italian, and not the British, nobility

Yachts in the Southern Sea

The Fashionable Mediterranean

What a highway and byway of fashion just now is the Mediterranean. Royal yachts, ducal yachts, ships of the Squadron, and home-coming, Royalty-bearing steamers cross and re-cross each other in its waters. The *Victoria and Albert* will probably stay at the Piræus until next Monday, when she will sail, with the King and Queen on board, for Venice, which is full of excitement at the prospect of receiving a visit from their Britannic Majesties, and which was simply crammed with visitors at Easter-time, most of whom are staying on to witness the arrival of the Royal yacht. The King of Spain sailed for England on the *Giralda* from Cadiz last week, and the *Thistle*, the Empress Eugenie's yacht, is expected at this port with the Empress on board this week. The Empress, by the way, has commissioned M. Carolus Duran to paint a portrait of the Pope as a wedding present to her god-daughter, Princess Ena, on her marriage with King Alfonso. Doubtless, this dainty and fascinating gift is the one thing needful to fill to the brim Her Royal Highness's cup of happiness.

* * *

A Flotilla of Yachts

Amongst the many other yachts in the Mediterranean is the *Kathleen*, on which Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam intend to visit Athens, and will then probably go on to Egypt to meet Lord and Lady Zetland on their way home from India. Count Albert Mensdorff, the Austrian Ambassador, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness have started on a yachting trip, and they also intend to get to Athens in time for the games, and Sir Donald Currie may take the *Iolaire* along to Greece also for the great week. The latest addition to the already very long list of yachtsmen is the Duke of Westminster, who is going for a cruise before the house-party which the Duke and Duchess are having at Eaton for the Chester races next month. The portrait of the Duchess, by the way, which Mr. Frank Dicksee has painted for the Academy, is a most gorgeous one, and promises to be one of the most noticeable pictures of the year. The Duke of Leeds, with the Duchess and Lady Gwendolen Osborne, is still yachting in the Mediterranean. The Duke, needless to say, has never recovered the five hundred pounds of which he was robbed at his hotel in Naples through not locking his bedroom door. Fancy not knowing better than to leave five hundred pounds on a dressing-table and a door unlocked—in Naples, too!

Photo *Thomson*

Lady Fitzwilliam

Who, with her husband, Earl Fitzwilliam, is yachting in the Mediterranean on the *Kathleen*, and will probably go on to Egypt to meet Lord and Lady Zetland on their way home from India

* * *

Some Majorities

No less than three youthful scions of the nobility have attained their majorities during the present Spring, and all three are—or rather, in the case of the first two, will be—large landowners in Wales and the adjacent country. Lord Maidstone will inherit his father's, the Earl of Winchilsea's, estate at Harlech, Merioneth; and Mr. William Ormsby-Gore, the son and heir of Lord Harlech, kept his coming-of-age festivities during Eastertide at his father's seat, Brogyntyn, Oswestry. Lord Harlech is one of the wealthiest of our peers, and his estates in England, Wales, and Ireland cover in all something like 60,000 acres. A young peer who has just attained his majority, but whose tenants and friends have not yet celebrated the event, is the Marquis of Anglesey, who succeeded his cousin, the late Marquis, in the title last year. The Marquis is a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards, and is the son of the late Lord Alexander Paget, and brother to Viscountess Ingestre and Lady Herbert.

* * *

A Liberal Majority

The death of Lord Alwyne Compton, the younger son of the second Marquis of Northampton, reminds me that the present Marquis's eldest son, Lord Compton, also comes of age very shortly, and there are to be great celebrations of the event on all the family estates. Lord Compton will inherit, in the fulness of time, not only Castle Ashby, but also the Compton Wynyates estates in Warwickshire, Torloisk, in the Isle of Mull, and Loch Linchart.

The coming-of-age of Mr. William Gladstone, heir to the Hawarden estates, takes place during the summer. I see that he has just been elected

Viceregal Tiger Hunters

Stereograph Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

Lord and Lady Minto and their two daughters, Lady Ruby and Lady Eileen Elliott, at Calcutta

Lady Minto and her daughters recently took active part in a tiger hunt at Lucknow. The sport was exciting, and two panthers were encountered, but the chief captures were cheetah and small game, while Lady Minto ventured a difficult shot at a wild boar

Lady Warwick Still Socialising

Secretary to the Oxford Union, a position held by the G.O.M., his grandfather, many years ago, and I believe he intends to follow still further in his illustrious grandfather's footsteps, by going in very seriously for politics later on. His uncle, the Home Secretary, has been trustee for his nephew's estate up to the present. Mrs. Herbert Gladstone, by the way, made a very successful début as hostess to the Liberal Party just before Easter, and will, probably, continue to be one of the shining lights in the serious Liberal social world.

* * *

Weddings and Engagements

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Edwardes, daughter of Mr. George Edwardes, to Mr. Cuthbert Sherbrooke, third son of Mr. Nevile and the late Lady Lilias Sherbrooke, and a grandson of the first Lord Cairns, has created widespread interest, especially in theatrical circles, in which the bride's father is such a shining light.

Two lately announced naval engagements are those of Commander Henry Blackett, of the Royal Navy, and Miss Pamela Fisher, daughter of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Sir John Fisher, and Mr. Rowland Bather, R.N., to Miss Evelyn Burne, daughter of Sir Owen Tudor-Burne. No less than three further military engagements are announced. One is that of Major Humphreys, of the Royal Horse Artillery, to Lady Emily Nugent, Lord Westmeath's sister; another is that of Captain Dudley Pelham, 10th Hussars, and Adjutant of the Lincolnshire Yeomanry, to Miss Evelyn Sibthorp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Waldo Sibthorp, of Canwick Hall, Lincoln; and the third announcement comes from Australia of the engagement of Captain Stewart Balmain, of the 15th Hussars, and A.D.C. to Lord Northcote, and Miss Alison Fairbarn, a daughter of a member of the Australian Legislative Assembly.

In judicial circles, Mr. Edward Harington has celebrated his new appointment as County Court Judge by becoming engaged to Miss Vernon, granddaughter of the late Colonel George Vernon, Coldstream Guards; and a recently announced engagement is that of the Hon. Eleanor Grosvenor, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Stalbridge, and Mr. J. Grant, eldest son of the late Sir Charles Grant.

The Countess of Warwick

Who is embarking on a lecturing tour over the country in defence of the Trades Unions Bill, and who, it is alleged, sold her jewels to pay the expenses of Labour M.P.'s

Last Monday, the wedding of Mrs. Henry Siegel's daughter, Miss Georgine Wilde and Count Carlo Dentice-Frasso, was celebrated at the Brompton Oratory, and the union of the representatives of Italy and America was made the occasion of a very big function indeed. The bride, who is convent-bred, "went over" to Rome on her engagement, so there were no difficulties about the service, at which the music was really exquisite.

* * *

American Susceptibilities

America is shocked! The great American public is scandalised! America, that happy home of divorce, is full of outraged moral feelings because the Russian revolutionist-novelist, whose books all New York devours, and whose decidedly advanced ideas they swallow without a murmur, has dared to violate the sanctity of New York by bringing into the city a "wife" who, to quote the novelist's own words, is his "before God" only. This, however, does not mean that she is his wife before New York, for M. Gorky, in company with his lady friend, has been positively hounded out of the several places at which they have endeavoured to instal themselves. Really, it is nothing short of grotesque to see New York posing as a censor of the public morals, though one remembers, as a nightmare, that other American city which, also in the interests of the public morality, clothed the Apollo Belvedere!

Of course, putting all questions of morals aside, the execrably bad taste of the novelist's action is undeniable; but his conduct and actions are entirely put in the shade by the "taste" of New York, which is, after all, a civilised city, in accepting, inviting, paragraphing, interviewing, and lionising a man who, whatever his talents, was, and is, a peasant of a country whose lower classes are, well, not the highest products of civilisation. M. Gorky is probably intensely surprised at the attitude America has taken up; from a perusal of their divorce statistics he had probably imagined that such an affair as his own would be more "the thing" than otherwise; but it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the value of this advertisement to the present partner of M. Gorky's joys and sorrows can scarcely be estimated!

Photo *Downer and Son*

Lady Edith Villiers

The only daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain in the late Government. Lord Clarendon is A.D.C. to the King, and Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. Lady Edith shares her father's love of horses and hunting

Gorky and the American Conscience

The Campaign of a Countess

Talking of Socialism, I see Lady Warwick has caused a denial to be published with regard to the statement that she wrote to a prominent American Socialist stating that before the recent election she sold all her jewels and spent most of her income in order to get her Labour candidates to the poll. The letter containing these statements is alleged to have been replied to by Maxim Gorky himself, but Lady Warwick characterises the whole thing as another tall American story. Anyway, the Labour contingent ought really to be grateful to the beautiful Countess who works so indefatigably "for the cause." Lady Warwick has just returned to England from Paris, where she has been shopping, and, at the same time, inspecting all the schools which, under the *Cantine Scholaire* system, provide dinners for the school children. During this month, her ladyship has spoken, or is to speak, in support of the Trades Unions Bill, at Bristol, Bedford, Fulham, Stockport, Brighton, and Birmingham, and at the Labour Demonstrations in May. Lord Warwick, all the better for his quest after big game in Central Africa, is also back in England, and, having let Warwick House to Lord Anglesey for the summer, will spend some months at Easton Lodge, Dunmow.

A Concert at Stafford House

I am requested by the Hon. Lady Farquhar to afford the publicity of these columns to the announcement that she and other ladies are organising a concert to be held at Stafford House, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, on Thursday, May 3, in aid of the "Sunshine" Home of Recovery, for poor women and girls after leaving the London hospitals, at Hurstpierpoint. Mrs. Kendal, Miss Marie Hall, and Mr. George Grossmith are amongst the artistes who are giving their assistance, and the tickets, which are £1 1*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, may be obtained from Lady Farquhar at 112, Gloucester Place, or from Messrs. Lacon and Ollier, Old Bond Street.

Maxim Gorky, whose domestic arrangements have shocked the susceptibilities of New York

The famous Russian author and revolutionary, having stayed at American hotels with a *pseudo* Madame Gorky, has offended New York morals, and having been spending some £25 daily on high living, has aroused doubts as to the sincerity of his appeals for charity for his starving fellow-countrymen. He is now leaving "free" America in disgust

The Royal Naval and Military Tournament

The Royal Naval and Military Tournament, always well worth seeing, promises to be even more so than usual this year, for it is to be held at Olympia, larger and surely not quite so inaccessible as the Agricultural Hall at Islington. It is to contain several new and interesting features, not the least among which will be a performance of tilting as done in Tudor times, and "Crossing the Line," this latter being an exact representation of the Court held on the deck of a British battleship when crossing the Equator, in accordance with ancient naval custom. The Tournament lasts from May 17 to June 2.

"They had been married for a month before anybody heard of it"

"Really? Everyone thought by his looks that he had merely been backing the wrong horses"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Caruso in the 'Frisco Earthquake

The Opera Season

The choice of *Tristan und Isolde* for the first night of the Opera at Covent Garden is an exceedingly happy one, and will ensure the presence of the music-loving as well as the merely fashionable element at the opening performance on Thursday, May 3. The quietness of the present season probably accounts for the fact that the Opera has been unusually well supported this year, and with the King, who is subscribing for the Royal Box as usual, leading the way, most of the old *habitués* will have their usual places, including the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Cadogan, Lady Nunburnholme, Lord and Lady Dudley, Lady Grey-Egerton, Lord and Lady de Grey, Sir Ernest Cassel, the Countess of Kinnoul, Lord and Lady Plymouth, and many others. I hear there are to be no less than three omnibus boxes this season.

Mme. Lallie Charles

The well-known Society photographer, who announces that recent accounts of her death, as in the case of Mark Twain, have been "grossly exaggerated"

* * *

Art in the East-End

By far the most interesting art show in London this month is the collection at Whitechapel, where much that is agreeable in the productions of the eighteenth century has been brought together. The fashion of the moment in painting and the applied arts is for everything of English growth belonging to

. . . that past Georgian day,
When men were less inclined to say
That "time is gold," and overlay
With toil their pleasure.

And thus the exhibition in the far east is drawing half the town. There are plenty of fine Gainsboroughs and Reynolds; Zoffany and Hogarth — that admirable portrait-painter, whose work is now increasing daily in value — and Hoppner, are all well represented; and the excellent furniture of the Georges and the silver, Sheffield-plate, glass, and china of that period, is also exhibited to great advantage. By way of adding to the interest of the collection, concerts of eighteenth-century music—such as that beloved by George III.—are frequently given in the evening, and there are also some lectures on such subjects as mezzotints, by Mr. Cyril Davenport, and English porcelain, by Mr. R. L. Hobson, and others by equally good authorities on eighteenth-century subjects.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Signor Caruso

Who was singing at the Opera House in San Francisco just before it was destroyed by the earthquake

* * *

Mme. Lallie Charles

It is pleasant to receive from Mme. Lallie Charles, to whose photographic studio celebrities in their hundreds are wont to flock, a breezy contradiction of the rumour of her death widely circulated in the Press. Mme. Charles expresses her amazement at this stupid rumour, as she never felt better in her life. The photograph recently taken, and reproduced on this page, certainly bears out her assertion. I hope that Mme. Charles will long continue in this state of health, and that she will not again be a victim of what Mark Twain so happily termed a "gross exaggeration."

* * *

Mr. Jabez Balfour

Whatever effect long incarceration has had upon Mr. Jabez Balfour, it has not diminished the absorbing interest of his personality. He emerges from prison aged and penniless, but already he has sounded a note which proclaims that he is again prepared to fill the public stage. Certainly, the memoirs which he promises us of his prison life should make most interesting reading. One cannot but be struck by one fact in particular, that, unlike other distinguished prisoners, he did not fly for relief to the hospital, but went through with his punishment as well as any of his associates. When the strain of monotony appeared likely to prove too much for him, he did not suffer his thoughts to turn inwards, possibly with fatal effects, but set about acquiring a fresh interest in life by learning Spanish. In Mr. Balfour's first impression, published in the *Daily Mail*, woman occupies the first place. They seemed to him taller than he imagined. Woman has still further surprises in store for the man who has just gained his freedom. BYSTANDER.

Mr. Jabez Balfour's Release

Copyright by *Jabez Spencer Balfour*

Mr. Jabez Balfour with his little grand-daughter

From a photograph taken last week after his release, which took place at Parkhurst Prison, Saturday, April 14. Mr. Balfour had served nearly eleven years

The PLAYHOUSES

New Theatre

"DORCTHY O' THE HALL"

Messrs. Paul Kester and Charles Major must have had many a quiet chuckle together over the notices of their play. For almost all these notices sounded the note of qualified praise. "This will prove a popular play, but it is merely written round Miss Julia Neilson"; "stirring and picturesque, but it is merely melodrama, and does not suit *us*"—so ran the burden of the critics' song. Now, the man who can write a popular play is the one, and his collaborator is the other, man in a million. London is chock full of disappointed geniuses, who have long given up their ideals and have turned their muse to a popular note—to no purpose. It is as difficult to write a successful play as it is to write a good play.

But-Besprinkled Notices

So we will excuse the chuckles of Messrs. Paul Kester and Charles Major, as they read the but-besprinkled notices of their play.

Dorothy o' the Hall is our old friend Katharine during the greater part of the first act. In the scenes with her father, she is a veritable shrew. She kisses him one moment, cuffs him (or nearly so) the next. She refuses the suitor arranged for her by her father in the approved Katharine manner by storming up and down, and sweeping aside all obstacles with her arms. For these Katharine scenes there is a bower on the prompt side up-stage artfully hung with blossoms. O, but it is a fine sight to see Miss Julia Neilson work off her tantrums on this pretty smiling bower. Up-stage she stamps, reaches out an arm and flings the blossoms aside. A pause in the bower, then once more the blossoms are set swinging and rustling, and out she comes and stalks along the verandah. Then back through the bower, setting the blossoms, hardly yet still from the former hurricane, all a-quiver again. A pause, then out she bursts, and storms down-stage, halts, folds her arms, flashes looks of defiance all round. Birrh! but these are queenly tantrums. So much for Katharine o' the Hall. Directly Sir John Manners comes a-wooing (in the guise of Sir Malcolm Vernon, her father's choice for her), our heroine drops her haughty ways, and, after a few passages with the handsome Sir John, becomes Juliet o' the Hall. Never was there such a pretty cozening wench. All sighs and surrender. And when Sir John's imposture is revealed, our Juliet must bare her pretty back to receive the strokes intended for him.

Photo *Charles and Russell*

Miss Alice Hollander

The famous Australian contralto, who has been engaged as a star holiday attraction at the Tivoli, where she is appearing nightly. She is singing two new songs, "My Irish Lily" and "My Little Love Bird"

Katharine o' the Hall

In the next act, the Katharine side of her personality reasserts itself. She is, for her disobedience, kept a prisoner on bread and water in her father's house. Like Katharine, she whimpers with hunger as long as there is no one to hear, but at the first hint of a broken spirit, up she rises in her wrath and flings poultry, cakes, and pasties out of window. Do you remember the scene in which Petruchio brings Katharine to his house? Messrs Paul Kester and Charles Major have repeated this scene of riot and provision hurling. So, throughout the play, Dorothy is Katharine and Juliet by turn. Miss Neilson is far more acceptable in the former aspect of the character. When she storms she forgets to, or rather is unable to talk baby talk. As Juliet o' the Hall she has a way of prattling, not so much like a real child as like a clever mimic imitating a child. Now she will clip her words, again drawl them. At one time she will stammer and hesitate with the diffidence of childhood; at another, with the confidence of a child repeating by rote, will rattle off her sentences with never a pause between. After a few minutes of Juliet we long for some obstacle in the path of dalliance which will have the effect of turning her into Katharine again.

Mr. Terry and Others

Mr. Fred Terry was as dashing and romantic a Sir John as one could wish to see. A little more Sir John and a little less Dorothy would give a better balance to the play.

Mr. Horace Hodges as a jester who never jested was rather in the position of one who essays to make bricks without straw. But he hopped about and

Dorothy o' the Hall.

Miss Julia Neilson as Dorothy

"Let the butcher do his work"

Mr Fred Terry as Sir John Manners

A Quick Change in Silhouette.

at the New Theatre

Miss Miriam Lewes as Elizabeth

Mr Horace Hodges as Perkin

looked wise even if he gave utterance to no words of wisdom.

Miss Miriam Lewes scored in the exceedingly trying rôle of Queen Elizabeth. Historical characters are rendered difficult to play by the preconceptions of the audience. Many people are inclined to resent any departure from the character built up by desultory reading and a few pictures. Miss Lewes carried herself with an air, and played the part throughout with distinction. The rest of the picture was well filled in by men-at-arms, beefeaters, retainers of all kinds, and by our old friend the aged seneschal, who fills in a somewhat meagre part with a cough.

Exchanges of Costume

A word must be said for the ingenious manner in which the playwrights make use of costume exchanges for the furtherance of their plot. Dorothy exchanges clothes with her maid in order to effect an entrance into Rutland Castle for the purpose of warning Queen Mary. A few minutes afterwards, she effects the escape of the Queen by giving her the dress she had herself taken from her maid. The first of these exchanges is expressed in silhouette by our artist, for, difficult as it is to believe, Dorothy blows out the candle, not for the purpose of hiding her exchange of clothes from the characters, but from the audience!

E. C. S.

Apollo Theatre

"THE DAIRYMAIDS"

The Dairymaids, at the Apollo, described as a "farcical musical play," promises to be a great success. It is the kind of entertainment so popular these days—a happy combination of topical songs, dances, pretty scenic effects, and dainty costumes. Miss Carrie Moore is specially brilliant, quite revelling in the rôle of Dairymaid, and radiating merriment throughout.

Miss Agnes Fraser and Miss Florence Smithson made a capital impression with their singing and acting. The adventures of Mr. Walter Passmore and Mr. Horace Lane masquerading as girls in a young ladies' seminary, although somewhat reminiscent of *Charley's Aunt*, afford "comic relief" of the kind one looks for in these artists.

Empire Theatre

"VENUS 1906"

There should be a bright career ahead of *Venus 1906*, for the *revue*, like a good *revue*, bristles with topicalities, and is distinctly funny. Venus 1906 is a Gibson Girl, and the hearing of her action against her classical namesake is about as hilarious as it can be. The author of the *revue*, Mr. George Grossmith, Junr., playfully tilts at everyone, from himself to Spring Onions and Jane Cakebread.

Photo] **The latest portrait of Miss Isabel Jay** *[Foulsham and Banfield*

Who is appearing as the Shop Girl in the new musical comedy, *The Girl Behind the Counter*, which was produced at Wyndham's Theatre last Saturday

By FRANCES KEYZER

Exit Anastasie!

She is dead, poor Anastasie, and nobody will regret her. Who christened her Anastasie? Nobody knows; and the law-abiding English citizen will shudder when he hears that it is by this familiar name that the scoffing Parisian designated the Censor supposed to watch over our morals. Anastasie's office was in the Rue de Valois, and the good lady was represented by six gentlemen bearing illustrious names in the world of art and literature, names like Daudet, Poizeron, Fouquier. Unfortunately, they were not the originals, but, what is called here "*Les fils à papa*" gentlemen's sons, who, not having inherited their fathers' talent, found it rather difficult to discover a post wherein an excessive amount of brain-work was not required. And, thanks to high protection, they were appointed censors, their principal duty consisting in putting in an appearance at the end of every month to draw their salaries. As they rarely or ever ran their blue pencil through anything objectionable, it was argued that it is always better to leave a horse to himself to find his own way than to have a coachman asleep on the box. The Parisians henceforth will be their own censors, for experience has shown that people's morals are never so well protected as when they themselves take the matter in hand.

A Tasteless Exhibition

In their desire to advertise themselves *à tout prix*, a big Paris morning paper has certainly gone a little too far. We have already Mlle. Merelli—the mistress of the runaway bank clerk Galley—appearing at one of our music-halls; her maid, a Mlle. Audo, likewise announced to make her bow to the audience; and were it not that Galley himself is beyond the reach of enterprising impresarios, we would also see him on the boards. All this does not reflect credit on the mentality of the average person who is attracted only by the sensational. But the matter grows reprehensible when this unhealthy craving for excitement is exploited in the manner inaugurated by the before-mentioned paper. These gentlemen sent their motor-car to Lens; brought Nény and Pruvost—the two miners who had assisted their comrades to escape from the mine—to Paris, and trotted them out in every public place. The exhibition and the rejoicings to which they gave rise, at a moment when hundreds of widows and orphans are mourning their dead, was really painful. Be it said to the honour of Pruvost—the elder of the two heroes — he seemed to feel this, for he remained grave; his eyes never lost their sad expression, and he replied in monosyllables to the questions put to him, an attitude that contrasted with that of his too loquacious companion.

Photo] **The postmen's strike in Paris** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Great confusion has been caused by the strike of Paris postmen, owing to the Government's refusal to recognise their union. The above shows some strikers whiling away their time at a café. Meanwhile, the work of the postmen is being performed by soldiers

A Prince in the Pulpit

The stranger who, on Palm Sunday, would have entered the St. Laurent Church would have opened his eyes in astonishment, for the building was filled with an audience such as is rarely seen in any other place of worship. In the nave, in the apsis, in the transept, everywhere in fact, nothing but duchesses, countesses, and noble dames. Some of them young and pretty, but all dressed in sombre silk or austere velvet. They had come to do homage to the preacher, because that gentleman was no less a person than H.R.H. Prince Max of Saxony, youngest brother of the King of Saxony, brother-in-law to H.I.H. Archduke Otto of Austria, of H.I.H. Princess Isabella of Wurtemberg, and also of Princess d'Este, of whom little was known until we heard she had eloped with someone. The preacher did not look imposing. Small, awkward, timid, with china-blue eyes, a short, fair beard, he stumbled twice when, blushing to the roots of his hair, he strode towards the pulpit. In indifferent French, and with a painfully strong German accent, the Royal orator celebrated the commemoration of Palm Sunday, and asked his hearers to give their support to the Saint-Joseph Mission for German Immigrants. If his audience had not lacked the sense of humour they would have smiled, for it was curious to hear a descendant of those who levied a tremendous war indemnity on France, apply here for alms for the sons of the victors. For three-quarters of an hour, standing motionless, his eyes half shut, the orator developed his theme in a monotonous voice, and in long, unwieldy sentences. As a witty colleague remarked, his words came like a march past of Prussian soldiers on the drill-ground in Berlin. But the noble dames thought otherwise. They crowded round the Prince, in the vestry, and complimented him so warmly that he can be certain they will contribute in a large measure towards the German immigrant fund of Saint-Joseph. Those ladies of the aristocratic Faubourg-Saint-Germain certainly have a curious way of displaying their patriotism.

An "Entente Cordiale" Wedding

M. Leopold Bellan, son of the Syndic of the Paris Municipal Council, was recently married to Miss Daisy Beeston, of Tulse Hill. Sir Edward Cornwall, late Chairman of the L.C.C., signed the register

* * *

Emancipation of the Ballet Girl

There is joy in the camp of the young members of the Opéra ballet, and they have every reason to be happy, for M. Gailhard, the energetic manager, has, with a single stroke of the pen, put an end to an abuse which, in the course of time, had taken abnormal proportions. "Henceforth," says M. Gailhard, "all *chefs d'orchestre*, ballet masters, etc., will not be allowed to accept as pupils any lady connected with the establishment, on pain of instant dismissal." In other words, certain gentlemen will no longer be allowed to levy a tax on young ballet girls, and, under the pretence of giving them private tuition, extort money from them, without which they could never hope to perform the smallest *pas seul*, or obtain advancement in any form. Some of these "lessons" were paid as much as £200 a year by the young ladies, or by one of their friends, whilst their poorer, and, probably, more respectable, comrades had to remain in the back row of the *corps de ballet*, without any chance of working their way to the front. M. Gailhard has set the example, and other managers would do well to follow it.

* * *

The "Sensations" in the Salon

Political, social, and artistic are the "sensations" of this year's Salon; although Ar plays a small part for the public here, as in most Salons, there are few among the thousands who pass through the turnstiles on Varnishing Day who give more than a passing glance to the pure art exhibits. They walk demurely through the Carrière room, out of respect to the regretted artist; mutter the traditional "admirable," "impressive," while they understand little or nothing of the work before them; but they must be in the *mouvement* in their art appreciations as in their dress, and they follow where public opinion leads. They are impatient to see the portraits of the Kaiser, and the Duchesse d'Uzés; and the "Open Air" nude by M. Roll. These are the "sensations," and these they must see. The full length figure lying on a mattress in the corner of a shed, the sun playing upon the flesh, warming the sick and friendless woman, is one of the strongest and most human of any of this celebrated artist's paintings; the technical difficulties he has overcome are amazing the student, while the public is attracted by the sombre, sad touch of suffering in the hands, the feet, and the averted head.

* * *

The Emperor William and His Painter

M. Félix Borchardt is to be congratulated on having induced the Emperor to stand to him for a portrait in the open air, in which he has represented the Kaiser in hunting costume, simply as the man, not as the Emperor. At one moment there was some hesitation about the sending of this portrait to the Salon, but owing to the settlement of the Algeciras question, there was no reason to deprive the exhibition of what, it was rightly calculated, would be an attraction.

Lancelot Lyzer

The "Sensation" of the Salon

A NUDE IN THE OPEN AIR

The picture in the Paris Salon, by M. Roll, the President of the Paris Salon, which is attracting the attention of the art critics as "the most human of this celebrated artist's paintings"

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The Connoisseur.

"LONGTON HALL" PORCELAIN

While the early factories of Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester, have each and all had one or more elaborately illustrated book devoted to their rise, progress, and regretted, but inevitable, decline, the efforts of William Littler to establish the exotic art of porcelain in Staffordshire, about 1745, has not hitherto been very thoroughly studied, nor fully recounted. Mr. William Bemrose, whose collections of English wares and books on ceramics are widely appreciated, has noted this lacuna in the chain of interesting and informing histories, and now gives us the result of his research in "Longton Hall Porcelain" (Bemrose).

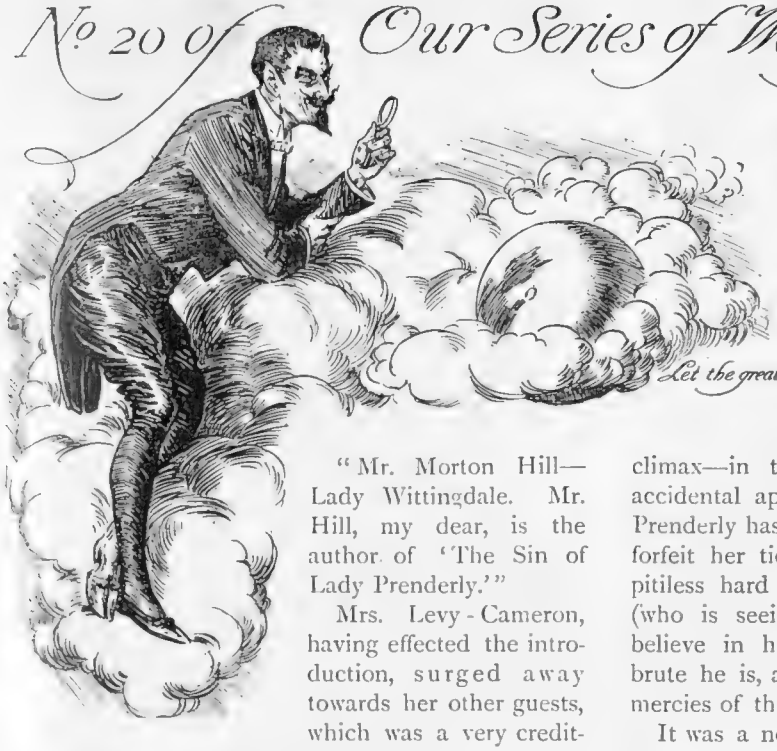
Experts and collectors have generally agreed that there were a number of ceramic objects of about 1750 which could not be assigned to Bow or Chelsea, although the less conscientious students were inclined so to name them. After a time, the closely analytical methods that Mr. Bemrose and others applied to this subject resulted in the discovery of many examples of porcelain which, while showing a close similarity to the productions of Chelsea and Bow, exhibited, under close observation, distinctive traits which, it now appears, belong to Littler and Longton Hall. Although the author admits—and we agree with him—that one cannot always admire either the design, painting, or potting of this porcelain, still the results of Littler's enthusiastic endeavours become o more historical interest every day. It seems that this particular field of eighteenth-century ceramics is still only partially explored, and may present the possibilities of those "finds" which we all desire. However, the acknowledged and finest specimens are already high in price. Mr. Bemrose's volume is very elaborately illustrated with some fifty or so remarkably coloured plates of examples from many private collections, including the author's own. In the text are also about twenty reproductions of photographs of well-known pieces, thus the illustrations alone give a fairly clear idea of the porcelains under consideration. Over and above this, the history of Littler and his times, the descriptions of pieces, and hints to collectors, are given with a clarity and attractiveness which is a quality of all Mr. Bemrose's writings on ceramics.

For many years the dozen or so examples of "Longton Hall" which are to be found in Case 38 at the British Museum have stood to the general public for all that is known or easily realised of the considerable work of William Littler in Staffordshire, but now Mr. Bemrose has provided the student and collector with a close analytical study whereby he may follow in the minutest detail much of the life and labour of this indefatigable potter and accomplished, if unscientific, craftsman. E. M.

Display of typica' pieces produced in Longton Hall Porcelain about 1750

Many of these are frequently attributed to other factories of the period

No. 20 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Lady and the Novelist

By R. E. VERNEDE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"Mr. Morton Hill—Lady Wittingdale. Mr. Hill, my dear, is the author of 'The Sin of Lady Prenderly.'"

Mrs. Levy-Cameron, having effected the introduction, surged away towards her other guests, which was a very creditable thing to do, considering how dearly she would have loved to stop and listen to what the two had to say to one another. You never knew with Kitty Wittingdale, and Mr. Hill looked an impressionable young man. So Mrs. Levy thought.

The piquancy of the situation, of course, lay in the fact that Lady Wittingdale was the Lady Wittingdale of the scandal, which Hill had taken for the plot of his novel.

Perhaps that is rather a loose way of putting it.

All that had become public in connection with the Wittingdale affair—all, consequently, that Hill knew—was that the lady had loved—not, perhaps, wisely, but most, most innocently—a man who was not her husband, and that Sir James Wittingdale, finding her one day with the other man at the station from which people do sometimes start for Paris, had behaved most atrociously, thrown her over to the gossips, and gone off mountain-climbing in the Andes.

A scandal-monger might make anything of a story like that, but Hill was a novelist. In the exercise of his art he had selected the most consistent and moving explanation. This was to the effect that Lady Wittingdale ("Lady Prenderly," as he called her) was a lovely and noble-souled woman, who had married a mere Philistine and brute. The passages in which the lady tries to fulfil her wifely duty, while all the time her soul is being crushed out of her, were among the most effective in the book. Then the artist, Gabriel Rayman, appears. He is her soul's counterpart (Why not? Novelists can match souls, as easily as a shop-girl will match you a strand of wool.) Inevitably, the twin souls decide to take the boat-train for Paris, *en route* for Italy and some beautiful palace overlooking the Adriatic, where they would watch sunsets (Hill was rather good on a sunset) and their hearts would rush together. The climax—in the book—was, naturally, Sir James's accidental appearance on the platform, just as Lady Prenderly has decided, for the sake of her virtue, to forfeit her ticket, go home alone, and endure the pitiless hard future uncomplaining. But Sir James (who is seeing off a Belgian actress) declines to believe in his wife's innocence, behaves like the brute he is, and goes off, leaving her to the tender mercies of the town.

It was a noble vindication of a peerless woman and it had gone into eight editions and made Hill something of a lion.

At the same time, as he stood there facing Lady Wittingdale, Hill felt that he would just as soon not have been introduced to her. Here was a lady with whose domestic troubles—if you chose to look at the matter sordidly—he had made free just in order to increase his income. Would she take that view? Or would she consider the enthusiasm of the artist roused by her unhappy fortunes to cast his talents at her feet, and—so to speak—redeem her reputation?

There was a moment's silence, during which Hill, after a hasty glance at the little lady with the big dormouse eyes, looked anywhere but at her. Then she spoke:

"I've read your book, Mr. Hill," she said, in just the low, sweet voice as of a flute that he had ascribed to Lady Prenderly.

"I hope—er—that is to say, I trust——" Hill stuttered and ended with a cough. He had the sense to see that the only safe thing for him was to keep silence, until she gave him a cue.

"I don't know," she said, with a little sigh, "if I ought to forgive you for what I understand you have done. It isn't—it wasn't—just like that. But—I wonder how you knew? It seems so strange——"

"How could anyone look at you without guessing?" said Hill, fervidly.

He was so relieved by her attitude that he did not pause to reflect that until that moment he had never set eyes on her. He had dimly recollected that in his book Lady Prenderly had been described as having a starry beauty all her own. The phrase had conveyed nothing particular to him at the time of writing it, but it shows the commotion he was in that he felt in no way inclined to retract it in the presence of this little dormouse of a lady. The only

Next week will be published "The Survival of the 'Fittest,'" by GEORGE M. EDWARDES

(All rights strictly reserved)

mistake that he felt he had made was in calling her—in the book—divinely tall. But what, after all, is size? Ladies can be divinely short.

"The only thing I can never forgive myself," he continued, "is my failure to draw you as—as wonderful as you really are."

"Oh, but you musn't say that," Lady Wittingdale replied.

"It's true," he ventured boldly to say, and was not snubbed.

"I thought Lady Prenderly fearfully sweet," said Lady Wittingdale. "I wish I were indeed more like her."

"She was the cold type," Hill declared, "of which you are the warm and living representative."

He had a habit of speaking rather like the people in his books, and they, in their turn, had the habit of speaking rather like the people in other books, but Lady Wittingdale did not seem to mind.

On the contrary, she seemed to like it. Hill and she had quite a long conversation, and Mrs. Levy-Cameron had quite a difficulty in separating her two lions and distributing them fairly among an otherwise rather dull and commonplace company. Still, she had the satisfaction of knowing that a good many people had been interested in watching them together when they understood who they respectively were.

"I was so dreadfully afraid," Mrs. Levy-Cameron confessed to a friend, "that it mightn't quite go off, you know. You see, she might have thought it rather presumptuous of him putting her in a book like that."

"But she was all right in the book, wasn't she?"

"Oh, quite. Perfectly charming."

"I suppose he didn't know her then?"

"What an unkind thing to say!" said Mrs. Levy-Cameron. "She really is charming. I've always taken her part against Sir James. Sir James is one of those dreadful unsociable creatures that any woman is bound to quarrel with sooner or later. As soon as I heard of it, I said I would never ask him to my house again—and I haven't."

"I thought he was in the Andes?" said the friend, who happened to be aware that, even when invitations from Mrs. Levy-Cameron came thick and fast, Sir James had never accepted one.

"He is," said Mrs. Levy-Cameron, shortly. "About the only place he's fitted for."

This opinion, which was, it must be confessed, held by quite a number of people who like to have decided opinions on matters which in no way concern them, became the opinion of Morton Hill, not so long after that fateful introduction. He had asked leave to call, and the leave had been granted. Lady Wittingdale occupied Sir James's house not a hundred miles from Portman Square. There, if again you chose to look at it that way, as Hill did choose to look at it, she was working out her redemption for having been too virtuous. The fact that it was her husband's house, and a comfortable one—central, as house-agents say, for theatres and shops and other places of entertainment—made her none the less saint-like in Hill's eyes. It was the spiritual penance—tied to a brute for life—that she was undergoing, that forced Hill's pity. The brute might be in the Andes—which are not central for anything but glaciers—or he might be elsewhere—it made no difference to the fact that she was tied to him. The only difference it did make was that one who understood her could call pretty frequently on Lady Wittingdale, and offer his not unwelcome sympathy.

As a matter of truth, it was not sympathy that Lady Wittingdale asked for, and that, consequently, Hill offered, so much as that subtler form of friendship which helps one to forget. The actual topic, upon which Hill had based his novel, was naturally one which the lady shrank from discussing. She had said at first that it was not quite like that—not quite, that is, as Hill had described, but that nevertheless he had understood. She had not reverted to it. Mere curiosity would have made Hill anxious to find out what it was he had been wrong in—had made him anxious for some time. The sculptor who has seen the marble statue he himself has fashioned suddenly breathe into warm life may be pardoned an innocent desire to know what the statue is like if she isn't like what his chisel made her. But, after quite a little while, Hill was content not to know. For one thing, it was so clearly her wish. For another, there was Gabriel Rayman.

That creation of his own had become distinctly annoying to Hill. If he could think of Rayman as a mere creature of the imagination, he wouldn't have minded so much. But there had been a prototype Rayman. Hill didn't even know what the prototype's name was, but he knew that Lady Wittingdale, as well as Lady Prenderly, had been in love with him. He had been—confound him—her soul's mate. Without Rayman, Lady Prenderly would have lost her point. It was just because she had sacrificed an ideal love that she was so wonderful.

Would Lady Wittingdale lose her point without Rayman—or whatever the fellow's name was? Had she in Rayman sacrificed an ideal love? Was it imperative—in practice—that Rayman should have been her soul's mate? Hill began to doubt it. He began to see that it was quite possible that Rayman hadn't been her soul's mate any more than Sir James had been. Rayman had been a foil to Sir James, but not a twin soul to Sir James's lady. Otherwise, she would never have been able to decide to forfeit her ticket to Paris and the Adriatic. Ideal love cannot be sacrificed like that. Certainly it could not have been ideal love.

Hill's interest in Lady Wittingdale drove him to amend his previous conception in this way. It left the lady, perhaps, rather less a saint in his imagination; but then saints never did satisfy lovers. Woman, faultlessly faulty, is so much more ideal than woman faultily faultless. She is also so much more practicable.

Within a month of his introduction Hill realised that Lady Prenderly was—as he had said, but how lightly!—only a pale ghost beside the warm and living Lady Wittingdale.

And Lady Wittingdale had begun to think that Mr. Morton Hill wasn't such an idiot as she had supposed from reading his absurd book. He could really behave quite nicely. His acquaintance, which she had expected to find a bore, in which case it

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Art and the Camera

THE END OF THE HUNTING SEASON: "WHO SAID CARROTS?"

(Photo by Lt.-Colonel Crawford McFall, Brownestown, Kilkenny, Ireland)

(Continued from page 182)

would have been swiftly dropped, was turning out quite a success. He had been a little trying to begin with, when he seemed to expect her to play up to the aureol'd lady of his novel, and go about—so to speak—on moral tip-toes. But that phase hadn't, thank goodness, lasted very long. He was still very young; but Lady Wittingdale had really begun to have high hopes of him—when a paragraph in the papers gave that last still spice to the romance which it needed to make it properly exciting.

The paragraph was to the effect that Sir James Wittingdale was a passenger on the *Caronia*, due in London in four days.

"I wonder what sort of a temper Jimmy will come back in," Lady Wittingdale said to herself, as she read it, "and what he will think of Mr. Hill."

She was quite prepared for the call Hill paid that afternoon, and had given up a matinée on purpose for it, arguing in her own charming logical way that it would be more interesting than the matinée, and she wouldn't have to go out on a nasty cold day. She was even prepared for the novelist's first words, when they were alone together. "I had to come, Miranda"—(Miranda, which was Lady Prenderly's name, had been passed on to Lady Wittingdale. It is a more pregnant name than Kitty). "You knew I would come, didn't you?"

"I thought perhaps you might" she said, with a little nod.

Hill was almost too moved to speak after this naïve and lovely confession. It was a sign to him that their hearts had rushed together across three miles of London houses. It was wonderful.

"You've seen the papers?" he asked.

"Yes." There was no need to speak of Sir James.

"What is to be done?" he asked.

"You must think for me, Morton."

More than that a lover could hardly have expected, and yet in one way Hill would have liked it better if, instead of placing herself so freely in his hands, she would have offered some suggestion. When it came to the point, in fact, he realised painfully that he had not the abandon he could have wished for. Not that he felt backward. It was more a sort of shyness. He supposed she knew what he wanted; but he had so little experience in these matters that he wasn't quite sure. And there were one or two smaller difficulties. He had rather run out of money of late, and the man at Cook's whom he had consulted on his way about the prices of Italian palazzos, had named figures which struck Hill as extortionate. Even the tickets to the Adriatic would cost a good deal. But to hint such things to Miranda was impossible. He murmured "Darling"—discreetly enough—and they talked vaguely of mountains and sunsets over opal lagoons, while she gave him tea. Hill left soon after.

How the deuce had Rayman clinched the matter, he wondered, as he walked home in a fever of uncertainty, after having promised in an indefinite way that his only thought should be for her? In the book, the actual arrangements had been left out—with that art that conceals art and evades difficulties. They had met at the station. Presumably, however, they had consulted Bradshaw, and ordered a couple of cabs. Possibly, even, had a dispute with the cabmen. For what length of time had Rayman taken the palazzo? They had spoken of living there for ever. That would mean something like a ninety-nine years' lease. But suppose it turned out insanitary, and they had the place on their hands at two hundred a year. Perhaps rooms at a hotel would be better to begin with; but what hotel? Hill wasn't much of a traveller, and his Italian experience had been confined to a personally conducted tour of ten days duration, during which, of course, he had not had to speak the language. If you took an Adriatic palace, you would have to. Did Miranda speak Italian? He doubted it.

Hill spent the most restless night of his life, thinking over these things, and the net result of it was that he had an irresistible desire not to see Lady Wittingdale that next day. Instead, he sent a note. It was a note to dazzle a lady, for he could write. Pen in hand, he could be subtle, tender, masterful, adoring. The tyranny of detail did not oppress him when he was writing. He pictured a future all love and opal lagoons to begin somewhere about the day after to-morrow, without so much as mentioning time-tables, and he felt almost peaceful for the rest of the day.

The only trouble was that the note wasn't answered, and when Hill, unable to wait any longer, called the next morning, Lady Wittingdale was out. He left a letter, full of passion, imploring her to see him.

By telegram, she appointed the evening following for an interview. Hill spent the interval in putting down alternative trains, hotels, and palazzos in his note-book, and arrived punctually, prepared, like the Duke of Wellington's men, to go anywhere and do anything. He had drawn all his money from the bank, and told his landlady that he might be going down to Brighton for a day or two, in order to guard against any suspicions he might have aroused by packing up a couple of bags. It was singular, by the way, how much hotter even than love the question as to whether he would need a silk hat in Italy or not had made him.

Still, the look of tender reproach in Lady Wittingdale's eyes as she met him in the drawing-room made up for a good many things. Only love—he thought in his innocence—could look like that. And surely only love could say:

"I thought that perhaps you did not want to see me any more."

"I want to see you always," he vowed.

"But——" Lady Wittingdale hesitated. He was a nice young fellow, but she was not sure what she wanted. To-morrow, Sir James would be back. He had been most disagreeable when he went away, but nine months makes a good deal of difference in a man's temper; or should. Would it not be wise to wait and see what mood James did return in before she committed herself to the doubtful championship of Mr. Hill? James was rude and inconsiderate and brutal, but in some ways rather a useful adjunct. He was rich, and he was not stingy.

"But—but now that my—that he is coming back?" she murmured, tentatively.

"He," of course, was Sir James. The thought of the brute drove Hill head-long.

"He must never come back," he said. "Miranda, for you, he must never come back."

"But, Morton, he is my husband."

"In name," said Hill. "In nothing more. You shall not be sacrificed on the altar of convention. We have our lives to live." It came easier once he had got into the swing, and ceased to be troubled by minor considerations of ways and means; and his eloquence was not without its effect.

"You mean——?" she asked, with lovely blushing diffidence.

"We will fly together," said Hill. "Hand in hand. Now!"

She was on the sofa, and Hill had sunk on to one knee on a convenient footstool. The thing, you might say, was done; the Rubicon was passed.

(Continued on page 186)

The Spanish "Marie Lloyd"

AURORO-CASTILLO

Who is appearing for the first time in England at the Palace Theatre. She has already made a great reputation on the Continent as a Chanteuse Eccentrique, and has been frequently described as the Spanish "Marie Lloyd"

(Continued from page 184)

Only at that moment the drawing-room door opened, and someone entered.

"James!" gasped Lady Wittingdale, in a frightened voice, and Hill, as he rose with considerable celerity from his knee to his feet, perceived a big, burly man standing in the doorway. A glance at Lady Wittingdale's cheeks, gone suddenly pale, was enough to show that Sir James's inopportune arrival was made without her connivance. It was, indeed, simply and solely a chance, due, as Sir James himself proceeded to explain, to the somewhat unusual fact that the liner had beaten her usual time for crossing by nearly half a day

"Quite a smart record, Kitty," ended up Sir James. "And some of these business chaps were as happy as anything over it. I lost a pony. By the way"—he had been talking with a distinctly amused smile on his bronzed face, but without apparently having so much as noticed Hill—"by the way," he now said, "who's your friend?"

Hill, though he had disdained to move—once he was on his feet—had nevertheless hunted furtively round with the tail of his eye for the poker, as Sir James carried such a very heavy-looking walking-stick.

"Perhaps——," he began, taking it upon himself to speak.

"I asked my wife, sir," said Sir James.

"And I wished to say," said Hill, "that——"

"Who's your friend, Kitty?"

"Mr. Morton Hill, Jimmy." Lady Wittingdale spoke with a propitiating smile, and an inflection upon Hill's name that made him feel about the size and importance of an india-rubber rabbit.

"Introduce me, please," said Sir James, still with his humorous smile.

"Mr. Hill—this is my husband."

"Not the author?" said Sir James, with a slight nod.

"Yes."

"By gad, sir," said Sir James, with a sudden change of manner. He had become almost boisterously merry. "I've read your book. Somebody sent it out to me. Rattling book. Take a chair, won't you, Mr. Hill, unless you prefer the footstool? I've wanted to have a talk with you. Never expected to find you here, though."

In deference to a beseeching, timid glance from Lady Wittingdale, Hill sat down in a chair. He would have preferred to make his way to the open air over the body of Sir James, or perish in the attempt, but was afraid only of being seated in the chair by main force.

"Mr. Hill," Lady Wittingdale ventured, "is in rather a hurry. He has to catch a train."

"I can wait to hear anything Sir James is anxious to say," said Hill, not without dignity.

"Right, sir!" said Sir James, beaming approval. "Always catch another train nowadays, eh? It was about your book I wanted to chat. I don't set up for a literary critic. Don't read novels often."

"Many people don't," said Hill, stiffly.

"But I read yours," said Sir James. "Now, I'm told that it's what they call a *Roman à clef*, and I see you've made Lady Wittingdale's acquaintance. The book was capital — capital. But I think you're entitled under the circumstances to know the facts of the case, which I don't think Kitty 'll dispute——"

"James!" said Lady Wittingdale, imploringly. She struck Hill as slavish.

"I have no desire to hear what you call the facts of the case," said Hill.

"Well, put it that I want you to hear them, then," said Sir James. "We'll start, if you don't mind, from the station part, because I'm convinced you must know for yourself by now that Kitty isn't Miranda in other respects — not that I thought so much of Miranda. Bit of a stick—Miranda. What? As I was saying—to begin with, I wasn't seeing off a Belgian actress. I'm very little of a rip. Fact! What I was seeing off was a bull-bitch."

"James!" said Lady Wittingdale, again.

"Splendid little bitch she was, too," said Sir James, reminiscently. "A friend of mine in France had asked for her, and there's nothing like going down and tipping the guard Otherwise, they get there all fleas. Well—I may have been a brute—no soul—that sort of thing, but I swear to you, Mr. Hill, I was considerably surprised and sick to see Kitty going off as calm as you please with that man—what was the fellow's name, Kitty?"

"Mr. Potts," said Lady Wittingdale, faintly.

"Potts—that was it," said Sir James. "You called him Gabriel-something, Mr. Hill? Potts was his name. He may have been an artist—don't know about that. Potts was his name, anyway. But the mistake you made was in supposing that Kitty had decided—nicely and prettily—not to go off with him. On the contrary, I just lugged her out of the train as it was starting, and I hadn't time to kick Potts, or tip him, which perhaps would have been better. For, of course, Mr. Hill, the person who handed her over to the gossips, as you put it, was Potts. I shouldn't have thought of it. Seems Potts got stranded at Nice. He wrote me a blackmailing letter from there, saying if I didn't mail him five hundred pounds he'd publish his story. That's how the thing became a scandal. Nobody would have known otherwise. As it happened, however, after seeing Kitty home, I'd gone off in the sulks to South America, and didn't get Potts's letter in time. That's where I was wrong. When you've married a starry beauty, Mr. Hill, don't make the mistake of leaving her to look after herself—eh, Kitty?"

Lady Wittingdale, thus familiarly re-addressed, pouted at her husband, and, catching Hill's eye upon her at the same moment, blushed.

"Doesn't do—doesn't do," said Sir James. "Why, if I hadn't come back to-day, for instance, instead of being ready to meet me in sackcloth and ashes—from Paris, of course, Mr. Hill—as I fondly imagined she would, I shouldn't wonder but what she would have gone off with a second Potts."

"Really?" said Hill. Whether to fly at Sir James, or sink into the ground, he hardly knew. He was conscious that Miranda was smiling towards Sir James—at him.

"Fact," said Sir James. "So that it seems lucky I turned up—for everybody."

"Very," said Lady Wittingdale. Hill could not have spoken if he had tried

"And now, Kitty," said Sir James to his wife, "we musn't keep Mr. Hill any longer, must we? I did think of asking you to leave him and me together for a minute or two, but on the whole it's better not. I'm sure Mr. Hill quite understands, without my telling him so privately, how delighted we shall be to see him here again. Say good-bye, Kitty."

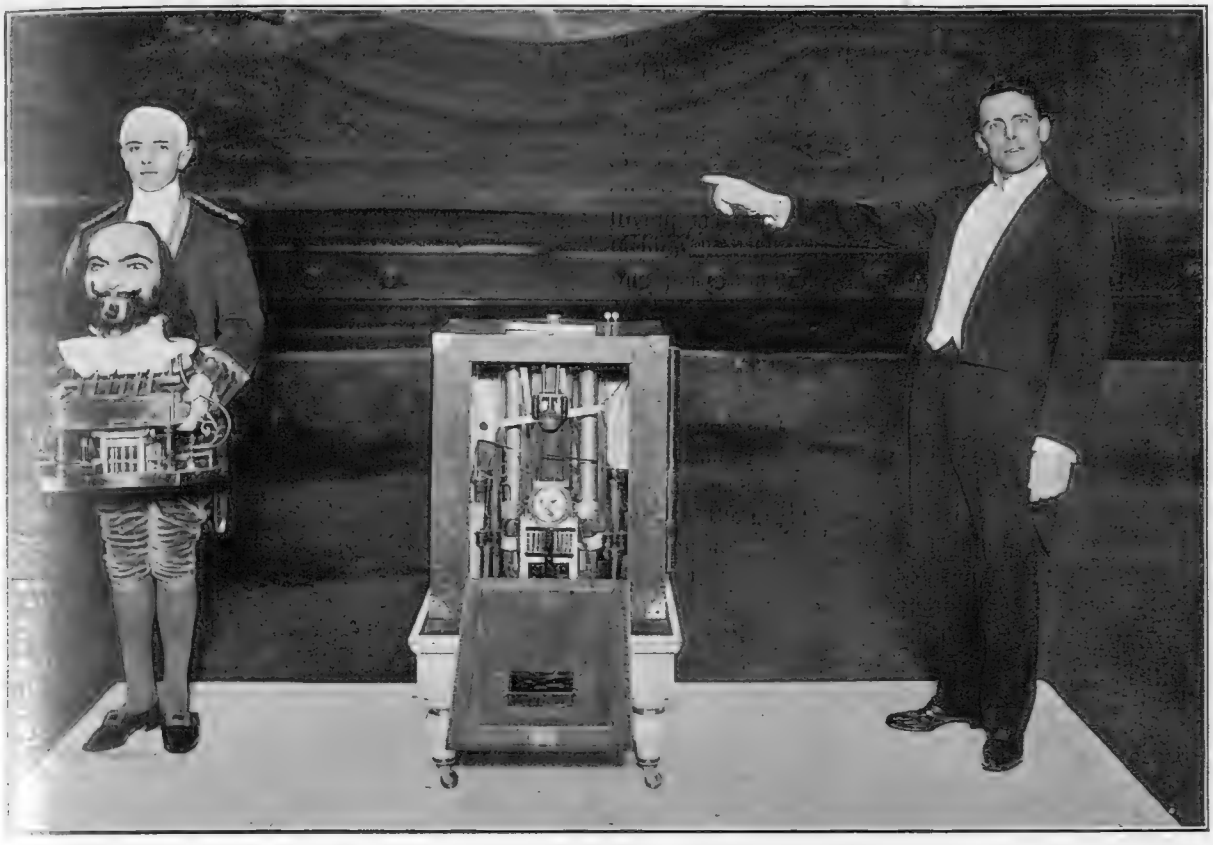
Lady Wittingdale held out her hand obediently.

"Good-bye, Mr. Hill," she said, in the most amiable way.

Hill walked out as if in a dream. A gusty little wind was blowing in the streets, and he was conscious—among a whirl of other emotions—that he was feeling relieved not to be going to cross the Channel that night. He was sure he couldn't have stood it. Even the pavements were going up and down.

R. E. Vernède.

"DRONZA" AT THE HIPPODROME



The remarkable talking automaton, which answers all manner of questions

"THE NEW CLOWN" AT TERRY'S THEATRE

Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Estelle Wenwood *(Rosie Platt)*

Mr. James Welch *(Lord Cyril Garston)*

Mr. G. H. Snazelle *(Mr. Dixon)*

Mr. Dixon: "You must be a silly josser if you can't do a simple hat trick"

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

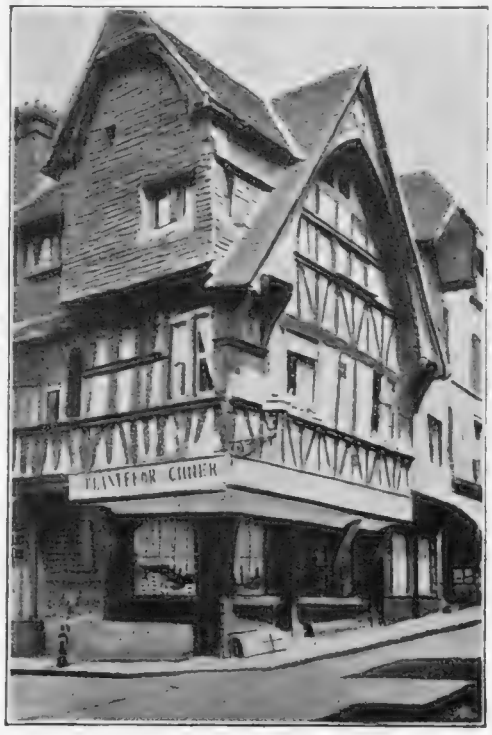
"Among French Inns." (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"The Turk in the Balkans." By T. Comyn Platt. (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)
"Home-Made History." By Hansard Watt. (Alston Rivers: 2s. 6d. net.)
"The Secrets of Success." By P. Keary. (C. A. Pearson, Ltd.: 1s.

Fiction

"The Sphinx's Lawyer." By Frank Danby. (Heinemann 6s.)
"Little Stories of Married Life." By Mary Stewart Cutting. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)
"Simple Annals." By M. E. Francis. (Longmans: 6s.)

A Novel of Pity

Enthusiasm is a dangerous pitfall for the fictionist, as is clearly shown for *The Sphinx's Lawyer* (Heinemann: 6s.), wherein "Frank Danby" essays a vehement denunciation of the "Philistines" who put a famous playwright of the 'nineties to torture and disgrace. Her heart beats loudly throughout the book; her pleading often induces tears in the reader, but, withal, her narrative suffers, and her characters fail to excite interest or sympathy. In the background of the story is the figure of the dead Algernon Heseltine, in whom "great wit and madness were allied," whom "yesterday they hailed as a genius, to-day they declared vile beyond human sympathy"—a figure which all will recognise. The story takes us into his "set" after his death, it moves in and out of those retreats wherein his "disciples" took refuge from the still active volcano of public repulsion. Though there is a central figure—one Errington Welch-Kennard, the "Sphinx's Lawyer," so-called because he is the champion of Heseltine's wife, known as "the Sphinx"—the narrative interest is weak. Errington's is a generous nature. He sacrifices much to defend the character of his disgraced friend. But neither he nor his fellows in championship appeal sympathetically, because the "cause" championed is not one that can be sustained in ethics. The highest emotion to be aroused is one of pity for a man who greatly suffered. That pity is to-day universal, and a book like *The Sphinx's Lawyer* cannot intensify it. Rather does it, by throwing side-lights on an unwholesome phase of life, remind us of the sordid character of the tragedy. "Algernon Heseltine's" best champions before public opinion are his books, his poems, and his plays, whose place in literature will surely be none the less because of the personal misfortunes of their author.



A beautiful fifteenth-century house in Chartres

One of the many specimens of mediæval architecture in the French cathedral city

(From "Among French Inns." By Charles Gibson. Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

Home-Made History

Poetry continues its *descensus Averni*, under the escort of the humorists. The other day it was Messrs. Clerihew and Chesterton, in "Biography for Beginners," who sought to show to what dire depths it can be brought by the judicious blend of bad facts and bad metre. That was funny, of course. Now Mr. Hansard Watt, in *Home-Made History* (Alston Rivers: 2s. 6d. net), gives us bad facts with a good metre, so painfully, so excruciatingly regular, that the effect is as laughable, if less startling, than the Clerihew-Chesterton outrage. Here is a specimen:—

Then Cæsar from his sandall'd feet
The dust of conquered Britain shook.
He sailed away with all his fleet,
And wrote his exploits in a book,
Which still successfully annoys
Innumerable little boys.

And so on throughout history. The book is, of course, "for the young," like all efforts of modern humour. By the way, why do not the authors of this sort of thing help Mr. Birrell on the Education Bill? They, surely, could devise such a "Sillybus" for religious education in State schools as would remove that question for ever out of the region of Party politics.

Among French Inns

There is no "point of view" in travel-writing like that which is taken from the inn or the café on the Continent. The hostelry is not stigmatised abroad as it is here; and the life which converges there is a citizen, not a wastrel life. Thus, *Among French Inns*, by Charles Gibson (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.), is an interesting book, as a faithful record of the observations of a party of tourists in a very delightful land must needs be. The author—who was "elected" to be the chronicler of the doings and sayings of his party—is an American. He narrates simply, and without affectation, and includes some charming photographs.

Hubby-and-Wifey Stories

Little Stories of Married Life, by Mary Stewart Cutting (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s*.), is better than *The Smiths of Surbiton*, not because it is any the less silly, but because it is conscientious in its silliness. The author of the latter considered his duty done when he faithfully copied down the doings and sayings of his subjects, regardless whether or not they possessed the smallest interest as narrative. It was enough for him that a Mr. Smith actually left his tooth-brush in the bathroom, and that a Mrs. Smith actually took it out, to put it into his book. He did not trouble to ask himself whether there was a plot in anything that Mr. and Mrs. Smith might choose to do with a tooth-brush. Miss Cutting, at any rate, does essay to tell some definite story, as well as to record silliness. Thus, in her first two tales, No. 1 tells of the dinner that was ordered and the guests that did not arrive, and No. 2 tells of the guests that were ordered and the dinner that did not arrive — thereby betraying some sense of plot. I see Mr. Keble Howard has put forward another book of the "Smith" kind, named *John M.P.* Here, throughout, the same chronicling of mere silliness, the same deficiency in the science of fiction, which wants human ..., certainly, but ...pects that he who ...nes it up will have ...me of the instincts ...d genius of the ...k, and not put his ...t on to the table ...

Cowper's birthplace at Berkhamstead

Now *en fête* in honour of the 106th anniversary of the poet's death, Wednesday, April 25

Success Secrets

Samuel Smiles has ... dangerous rival. Another and a more bustling ...rit is abroad to teach to the tired youth of the ...untry the notorious business virtues, viz., Mr. Peter Keary, who has just published through Messrs. Pearson, in *The Secrets of Success*, some of his recipes for the attainment of that desirable condition. Mr. Keary can, however, beat Smiles in one respect. He can lecture the flippant young person in a vigorous colloquial style, which is far more effective than his late rival's polished, but rather ponderous periods. He dedicates his book to "all young men, hoping some of this will stick," and says that he is "going to ram some of it down your throats in the hope that you will digest it and thrive upon it." "Do it now," "Do it yourself," "Get on or get out," "Get there," "Go forward," "Never be discouraged," are some of the doctrines which Mr. Keary seeks to "din and bang into the heads of you young men." I am sure if some of these truths can be made to penetrate to suburban London, whence junior clerkdom travels daily to and from its offices, great, indeed, will be Mr. Keary's achievement.

"Max" in French

If there had been a destiny more to be dreaded by "Max" than burial in Westminster Abbey, it might have been to be seriously translated into a foreign tongue. In putting his "Happy Hypocrite" into French, M. Marcel Boulestin has mitigated the danger, for in *L'Hypocrite Sanctifié* he claims to give "un equivalent du style personnel de Max Beerbohm." So typically English is the book, says the translator, that all attempt at "francisation" were incomplete and fruitless. Thus Max in French is, if anything, a trifle more delicious than Max in English. I think he ought to publish all his future works in French (*à la* Boulestin), as it can be read without difficulty by the merest tyro in that tongue. Further, by a sweet stroke of humour, M. Boulestin, where "Max" uses French words in the text, translates them into English in his version. Thus, we read of "la nouvelle *beginner*, Jenny Mere," of "une dame enveloppée, d'une *dressing-gown* de mousseline." "Le vieux et sinistre proverbe: *A jealous woman gets up early*." M. Boulestin shows himself yet further a humorist in prefacing his little volume, which is published in Paris by the Société du Mercure de France, and in London by Mr. John Lane, by numerous "hearty thanks," a dedication, a caricature of himself, and a preface entitled "De Max Beerbohm, Esq.," in which the writer betrays quite a quaint and piquant knowledge of his subject.

In Honour of Cowper

Those who interest themselves in anniversaries will note that to-day, April 25, is that of the death of the poet Cowper—the 106th. It is being celebrated with due solemnity at Berkhamstead, his birthplace, by services in churches, meetings in schoolrooms, luncheons, and lectures. Berkhamstead, of course, has reason to be proud of its brilliant product; otherwise, it is doubtful if anniversary celebrations in honour of poets are exactly a compliment. So long as a poet has left six lines which can be quoted by the orator in search of floral adornment, his memory is sufficiently honoured, and Cowper, of course, has done far more than that. Author alike of one of the noblest hymns in the hymnal, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," and of that classic of British humour, "John Gilpin," he is one of the immortals, even had he not also given to the world a mass of very pleasant domestic verse, tender in sentiment and skilful in phrase.

VIVIAN CARTER.

POLO SEASON PROSPECTS

By L. V. L. SIMMONDS

Hurlingham in 1906

The coming of May heralds the approach of the polo season proper, and by the end of next week polo will have become general all over the country. With regard to the big London clubs, one's thoughts, in the first instance, naturally turn to Hurlingham, by virtue of its leading position as the parent body of the game. After the drastic overhauling they underwent two years ago, the rules of polo have now probably reached a stage approaching finality, and the only change therein made by the Hurlingham Polo Committee this winter was the shortening of the regulation as to stick-crooking by the excision of a few lines of unnecessary explanation. The present year will be especially memorable in the annals of the club by the abolition of pigeon-shooting, a measure which was decided upon by an overwhelming majority of the members at last season's annual general meeting, and was subsequently unsuccessfully contested in the law courts. From the point of view, both literally and figuratively, of everyone except the limited band of pigeon-shooters, it will be agreed that an immense improvement has been effected by the removal of the pigeon-shooting enclosure, the hideous erection that abutted on to the match ground. Seen from the pavilion, the high wooden paling was a distinct eyesore, shutting out an otherwise pleasing prospect, while the enclosure occupied a great deal of ground, which it has now become possible to devote to lawn-tennis courts, croquet lawns, and bowling greens. The polo grounds are in capital condition, the stabling has as usual been over-applied for, and everything points to another very successful season under the management of Major Egerton Green and Mr. G. L. St. Quintin, the last-named being assisted in the management of the polo by Major F. Blacker.

Photo *Keuch*

The Duke of Roxburghe

Late of the Royal Horse Guards, a fine back, who plays for the well-known team "Magpies," and has, this year, been put on the Hurlingham Recent Form List

Leading Fixtures at Headquarters

While Hurlingham is content with a fixture list not quite so long as those issued by its two neighbours with their three grounds apiece on the other side of the river, its programme, it must be remembered, contains such attractions as the concluding ties of the ever-popular Inter-Regimental Tournament—undoubtedly *the* feature of the season—as well as the competition for the Champion Cup; while this year exceptional interest attaches to the annual match for the International Challenge Cup on June 16, by reason of the visit to England—the first on record—of a really representative Irish team, who will attempt to retain possession of the Cup, which they won for the first time last season at Dublin. Like last year, the Champion Cup Tournament will be played during Ascot week (June 18 to 23), and the twenty-sixth Inter-University match between Oxford and Cambridge will take place on the following Monday. The closing stages of the County Cup Tournament will be fought out at Hurlingham during the second week in July, and mention must not be omitted of the Social Clubs Tournament, won for the last three seasons by representatives of White's, which is fixed for the end of May.

Improvements at Barn Elms

At Ranelagh, among the many improvements and alterations announced by the committee as having been effected in the club-house and grounds during the winter, may be mentioned the erection of a permanent Royal pavilion on the lawn between the principal polo ground and the old racecourse pavilion, together with the planting of an avenue of chestnut trees, which it is hoped will provide the shade so much desired by spectators. The polo grounds have, needless to say, received constant attention throughout the winter, and the third polo ground has, to a great extent, been relevelled and relaid; while a new exercising ground for polo ponies is in course of preparation. The stabling is all full, and there is every indication of a most successful season. As in 1904, a representative Ranelagh team has again been organised; it will, probably, consist of Mr. F. A. Gill and Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the joint polo managers of the club, together with the Hon. Aubrey Hastings and Captain C. C. Crespigny, the captain and back of the

2nd Life Guards regimental team; with Mr. Bass and Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, 1st Life Guards, as spare men.

The Ranelagh Programme

A very long and attractive programme has, as usual, been issued by the Ranelagh management, including no fewer than one hundred and fourteen matches and half a dozen tournaments, in addition to the Handicap with which the season opens next week, and the popular Aldershot Cup one-day tournament. A huge fixture list is completed by the Saturday sports and side-shows, for which Ranelagh has always been noted. The principal tournament at Ranelagh, the Open Challenge Cup, which has been won for the past two seasons by the champion Roehampton team, is fixed, as usual, for the week following the Champion Cup, namely the last week in June, immediately after the Novices' Cup, a secondary tournament which always attracts a big entry. Then there are two Hunt Competitions, which for some reason or another have not filled very well of late years; the old Hunt Challenge Cup is fixed for the third week in May, and the third week in July is allotted for the newer Hunt Tournament. The three others are soldiers' tournaments. The Army Cup, for teams of past and present officers, classified respectively as Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers, Infantry, etc., will be played at the beginning of June, and the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup, now limited to regiments quartered within forty miles of London, during the second week in July; while the Aldershot Cup, which is open to teams in the Aldershot or London Commands, and was won last year by the Royal Horse Guards, will be played for on Wednesday, July 4. The Ranelagh match list includes fixtures with all the leading teams.

Roehampton Prospects

The outlook, too, at Roehampton is very bright, and, given good weather, it is believed that 1906 cannot fail to be quite as successful as the two preceding years. It is pointed out by the management that the two match grounds did wonderfully well last year, but should be even better this season, as no trouble nor expense has been spared in improving the turf; and each year it has been proved that the turf on polo grounds, if properly looked after, stands more wear. A very great improvement will doubtless be noticeable this season in the third ground, the turf having been stripped off, and the surface forked over; and the practice ground ought also to be much better, the turf now having had time to set. A strong card of nearly a hundred matches has been arranged by Captain E. D. Miller, the polo manager of the club, and the repetition of last year's fine match between the full Rugby team and what was practically a "Rest of England" side, captained by Mr. Buckmaster, will again provide one of the games of the season. The Ireland team have had two matches arranged, which should also prove a great draw. One is on Saturday, June 9, against Rugby, and the other, on the following Wednesday, is against Roehampton. The usual tournaments will be played during the season, the Public Schools' Cup being fixed for the week beginning May 21, and the Junior Championship

Photo *Rouch*

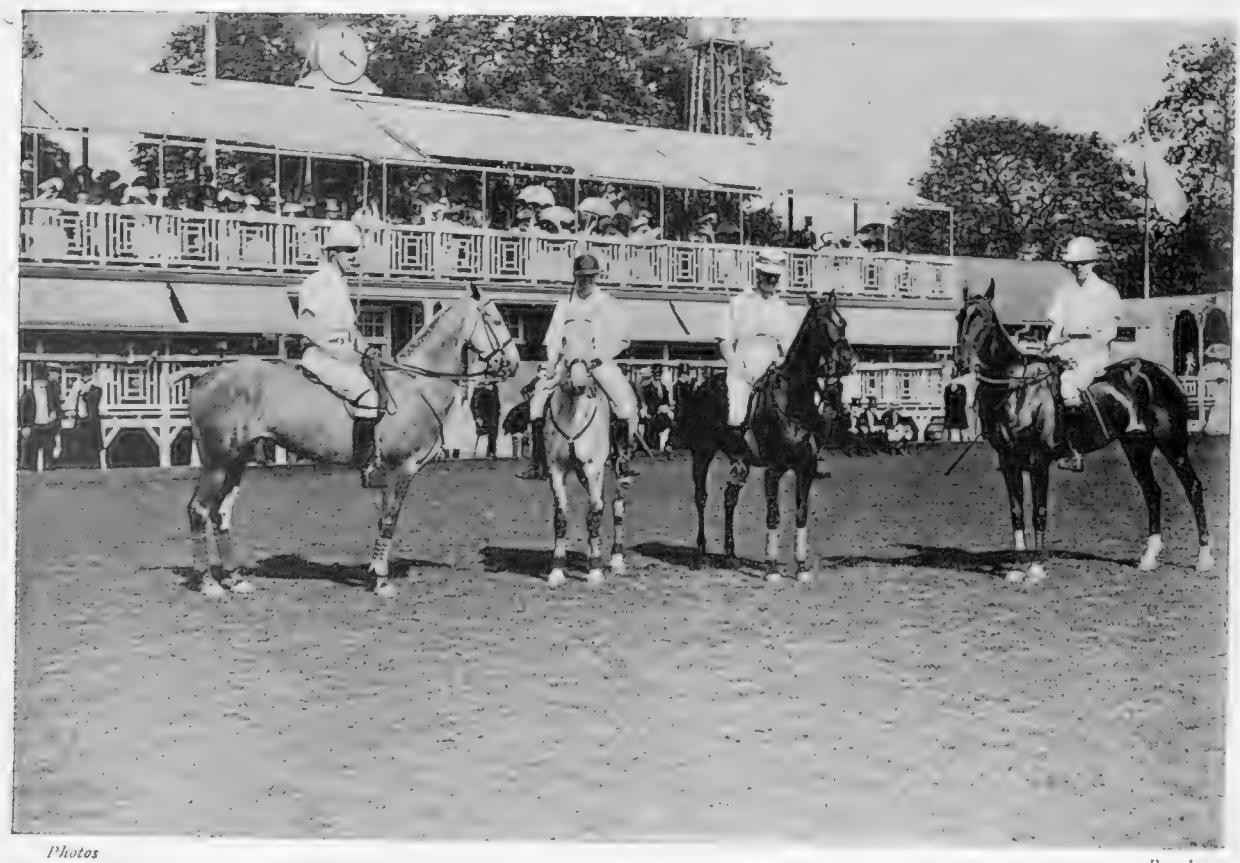
The Hon. Aubrey Hastings

Mr. Hastings, whose name has just been added to the Hurlingham list of best polo players, is a well-known steeplechase rider, and trained and rode the winner of this year's Grand National

Polo Champions at Hurlingham

The Inniskilling Dragoons, winners of last year's Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham

Left to right: Major G. K. Ansell, Captain T. G. Gibson, Captain E. Paterson, Major Neil Haig



Photos *Rouch*

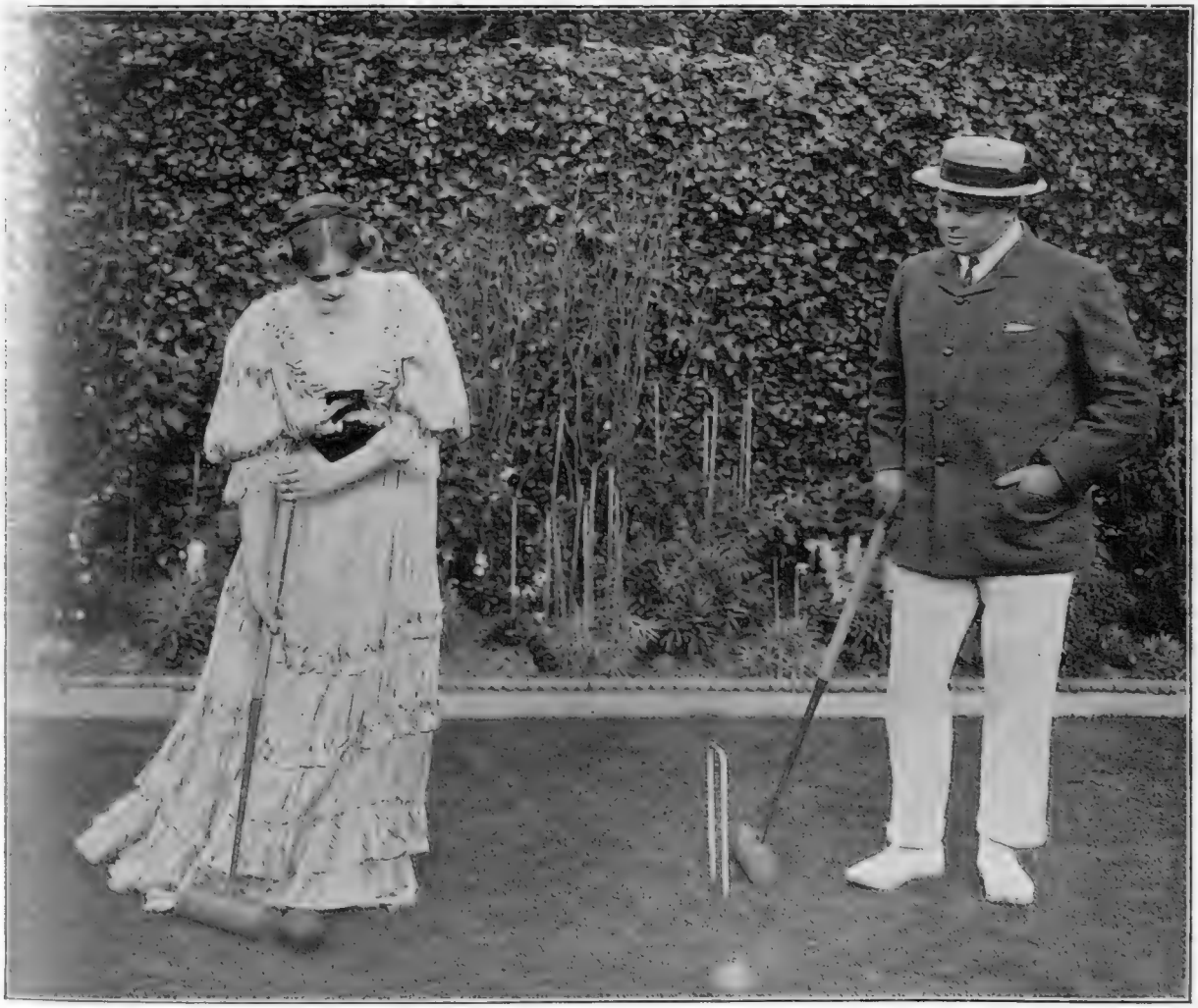
The 20th Hussars, the runners-up in last year's Inter-Regimental

Captain H. R. Lee, the back and captain of the team, is on the left of the picture

Tournament for the last week in June, followed by the Roehampton Cup and the Ladies' Nomination Tournament in July. The one-day handicap tournaments inaugurated last year at Ostend, Roehampton, and Rugby, having caught on, there are to be three such competitions at Roehampton during the coming season—on May 31, June 21, and July 18 respectively. The Roehampton fixtures include four matches with the House of Commons, who will have plenty of players to draw upon this year, notably Mr. Winston Churchill, the Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes, the Hon. Ivor Guest, Lord Wodehouse, and Mr. W. H. Pearson, on the Government side; while the Unionist players include Sir Samuel Scott, Viscount Castlereagh, Mr. F. B. Mildmay, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Viscount Helmsley, M.F.H., and Viscount Turnour.

This Year's Inter-Regimental

The new Army Polo Committee, which was announced some months ago, consisted of over thirty members, but this rather unwieldy body has now been reduced to the more workmanlike number of twelve, still with Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell as President. The functions of the new committee will be the supervision of polo in the Army generally; and the arrangements for the Inter-Regimental Tournament, which have been all that could be desired, will continue to be made by the sub-committee appointed for that purpose. Captain H. R. Lee, 20th Hussars, has been elected to this latter body, replacing Lord Charles Bentinck, 9th Lancers, who has retired from the Service. Major Stanley Barry, 10th Hussars, continues to act as honorary secretary of both committees. The return of that famous polo corps, the 7th Hussars, to England, will add considerable interest to the forthcoming Inter-Regimental. During their last short stay at home they won the 1899 tournament, having previously gained four consecutive victories in the 'eighties, and they have also twice won the Indian Inter-Regimental. The Inniskilling Dragoons, last year's winners, will not be able to get so much practice as they did last season at Dublin, for they have been moved to Ballincollig, in the south of Ireland. The 11th Hussars, who have replaced them at Dublin, are also well in the running, for they beat the Inniskillings in the final for the All-Ireland Regimental Cup in 1903, and again in 1904. The 20th Hussars, too, have a good chance, for they did very well last year, and the Inniskillings had all their work cut out to beat them in the final. They will, however, be a little short of practice this year, for owing to absence on duty from Brighton, they will not be able to start play in Preston Park until June 10. L. V. L. SIMMONDS.



Photo] **Mr. Oscar Asche and his wife (Miss Lily Brayton) playing croquet** [*R. W. Thomas*

Mr. Asche, like many members of the profession, is very fond of outdoor sports. He is a very useful man at cricket, and frequently plays for the actors' team, the Thespids

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

"MAJORA CANAMUS"

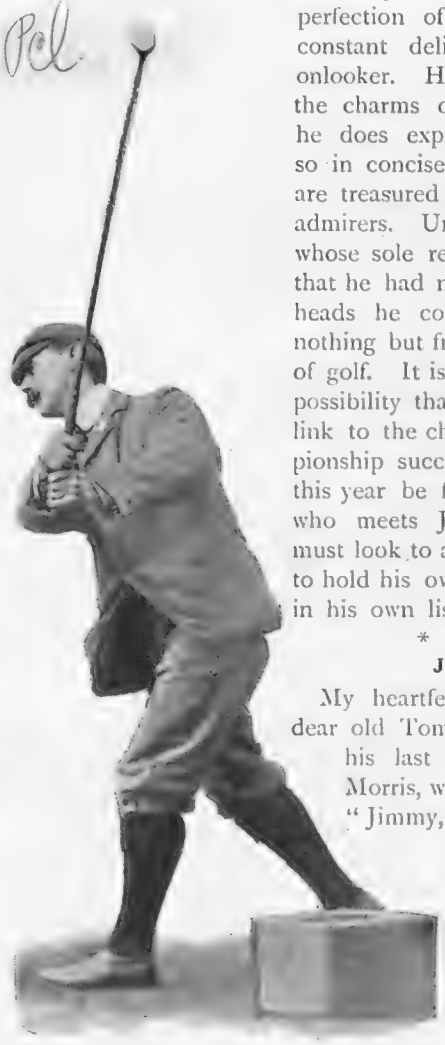
Mr. John Ball

I have already, on a former occasion, taken the opportunity of expressing my warm admiration for Mr. John Ball, both as a player and as a man, and for the beauties of his perfect style of play. There is not much left, either for me or for any other writer, to say in the shape of novelty when dealing with this favourite golfing Achilles of our generation. In the eyes of the generation which matured in the last decade of the vanished century, he takes rank apart in common with the late Freddy Tait, Mr. John Laidlay, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and Mr. Harold Hilton. These five are, in the opinion of many sound judges, probably the best amateurs whom we have yet seen; and if a further choice had to be made, a large majority would award the palm of exceptional merit to those two golfing *Dioscuri*, the late Mr. Tait and the subject of my present article.

* * *

The Strongest Amateurs

It is a moot and, perhaps, an invidious point to decide as between these two where the superiority, if there were any, should be considered to lie. For my own poor part, I shall always hold that John Ball and Freddy Tait were a shade better, to put it no stronger, than any other amateur that has ever wielded golf club. Tait, alas, is no longer with us to carry on that generous and strenuous rivalry which reached its culminating point in the memorable contest for the Amateur Championship at Prestwick, in 1899, when Mr. Ball, after having the worst of the morning encounter, just managed to get home by doing a three at the thirty-seventh hole, this making the fifth time that he had won that great trophy. I regret to say that I did not witness that Titanic struggle, but I have been told that it was a sight for gods and men to see Mr. Hilton, in the interval between the two rounds, imparting practical instruction to his great club-mate in the art of holing short putts. Here we come to the vulnerable heel of our Achilles, and whenever he has failed to do himself justice, it has been owing to the defects of his putting, which is the only uncertain department of his game. But, like most uncertain putters, there are days when his putting is most deadly, and then woe betide his unfortunate antagonist. His greatest feat was accomplished in 1890, when he won both the Open and Amateur Championships, a record feat which is not likely soon to be equalled. His style of play is the perfection of ease and grace, and a constant delight to the eye of the onlooker. He is not greatly addicted to the charms of conversation, but when he does express a sentiment, he does so in concise and pithy sentences which are treasured and repeated by his many admirers. Unlike the Spanish dictator, whose sole regret on his deathbed was that he had no more enemies left whose heads he could cut off, Mr. Ball has nothing but friends throughout the world of golf. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that he may yet add another link to the chain of his Amateur Championship successes, for the contest will this year be fought at Hoylake, and he who meets John Ball on that course must look to all his weapons if he wishes to hold his own with that famous warrior in his own lists.



Mr. John Ball

One of the finest amateur golfers of the day, who is to play in the Amateur Championship at Hoylake this year

* * *

J. O. F. Morris

My heartfelt sympathy goes out to dear old Tom Morris on the death of his last surviving son, J. O. F. Morris, which took place on April 8. "Jimmy," as he was known to his many friends at St Andrews and throughout Scotland, had been for many years precluded by ill-health from playing, but, though never quite in the first flight, he was a very fine player when at his best in the early 'eighties. "Jimmy" holds a particular niche in my affections, for it was from him that I imbibed my first lessons in the great game. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, and I may be pardoned if I look back with affectionate regret to that time thirty years ago, when I was a stripling, and "Jimmy" in the full flush of youth and health. He was a charming instructor, and had a delightful style for a pupil to copy. Happily, our beloved old Tom still remains with us, and to him, in his latest affliction, will go out an abundant and flowing measure of loving sympathy from golfers the wide world over.

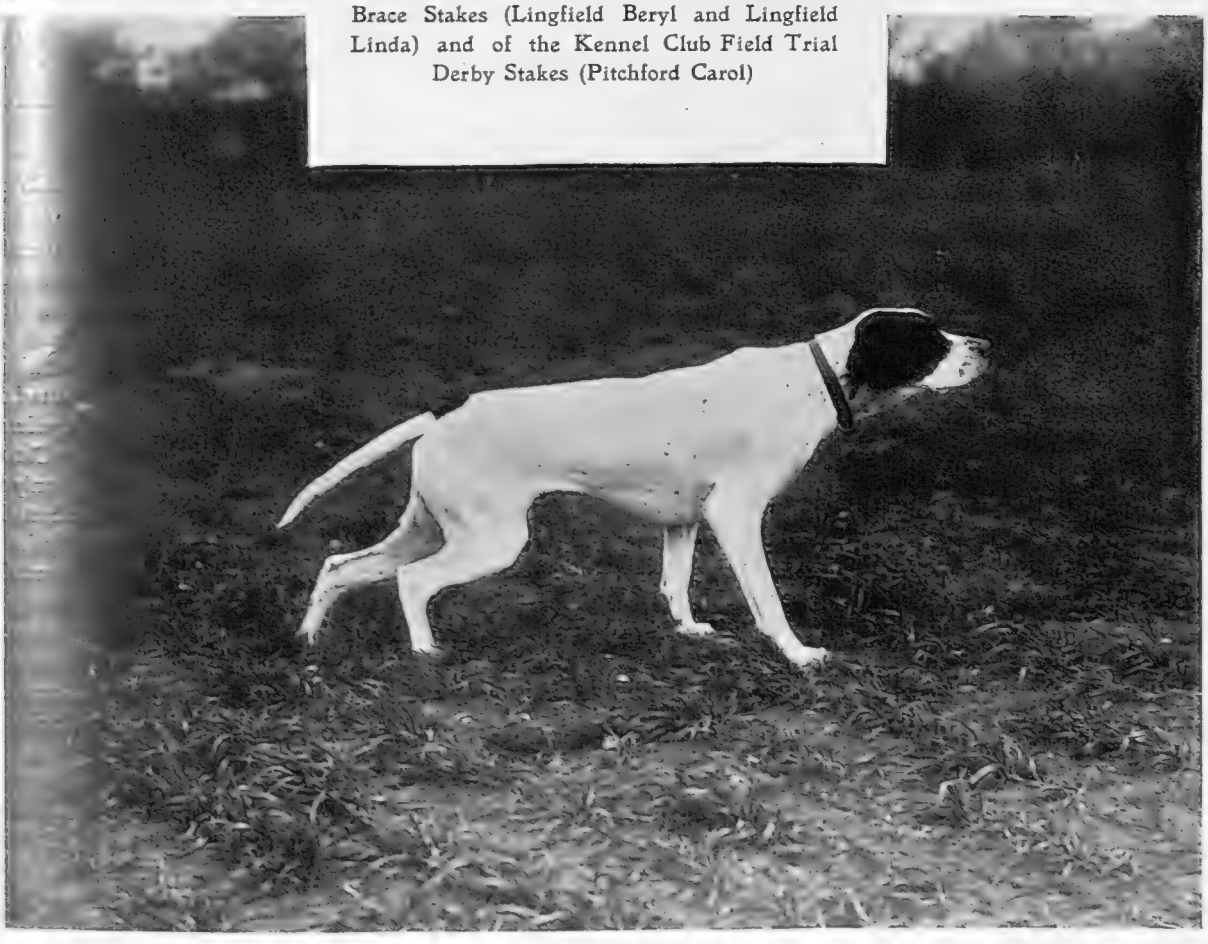
ERNEST LEHMANN.

Sporting Dog Trials at Ipswich

n Dog League Meeting at Ipswich
ce Stakes: Lingfield Beryl (front); and Lingfield Linda (winners)

The Spring field trials of sporting dogs began at Ipswich on Wednesday last, and will continue until May 3. The estate of Captain Pretyman (late M.P.), Orwell Park, was the scene of the various trials and assembled there were a large number of the best-bred dogs in the country. Our photographs show the winners, respectively, of the Gun Dog League Brace Stakes (Lingfield Beryl and Lingfield Linda) and of the Kennel Club Field Trial Derby Stakes (Pitchford Carol)

32nd Kennel Club Field Trials
Pitchford Carol, winner of the Derby Stakes



Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

London Rugby Football Reviewed

A glance at the records of the leading Rugby clubs in London for the season just concluded reveals the fact that, with one or two exceptions, no team has been conspicuously successful throughout. Even the strongest clubs cannot always turn out at full strength, and the ups and downs which so many of them have experienced, serve to illustrate the truth of this proposition. It would seem, indeed, that the regular playing member is somewhat of a rarity these days, and when one hears that no fewer than sixty-nine men have played for Blackheath during the season, the fact that combination is not one of the strong points of London football ceases to be a matter for surprise.

The London Welsh Most Successful

One of the exceptions above alluded to is the London Welsh team, who have the fine record of twenty-seven matches played, twenty-one won, one drawn, and five lost. They were only beaten in London once (by Swansea), their other four defeats being from Newport, Cardiff, Gloucester, and Devonport Albion. The two latter they beat at home, and the drawn match was against Northampton (away). Their victories include Blackheath, the Scottish, Cambridge University, Bristol, Harlequins, Old Merchant Taylors, and Lennox. Their chief try-getter was H. T. Maddocks (twenty-five), while J. C. Jenkins, who, with C. F. Rowlands, played in every match, has the extraordinary record, for a forward, of seventeen tries. J. F. Williams, another forward, got nine, the same number as J. T. Timmins. A. F. Harding converted thirty-four tries, and kicked three penalty goals and two from marks, besides scoring four tries. The season's Welsh Internationals in the team are E. Morgan and A. F. Harding (all four matches), H. T. Maddocks (three), J. F. Williams (two), and W. M. Llewellyn (one).

E. H. D. Sewell

Who made the first century of the season (107), when playing for the Gentlemen of England against Surrey at the Oval last week

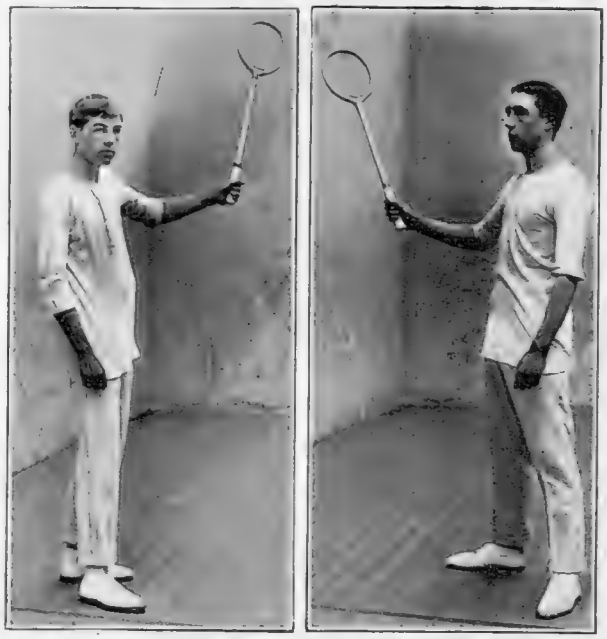
Closely Followed by the London Scottish

An almost equally fine record is that of the London Scottish—nineteen wins and only four losses. They were beaten by Blackheath (on whom they subsequently turned the tables), London Welsh, Northampton, and (somewhat unexpectedly) United Services, while they beat, amongst others, besides Blackheath, Richmond (twice), Harlequins (twice), both 'Varsities (twice), Old Leysians, and Rosslyn Park. Much of the success of the team was due to the forwards, who, though light, were fast and clever, with plenty of staying power. The half-backs were changed rather more often than was desirable, but all did well, and the only weak point in the team was at three-quarter, where another good wing man was sometimes rather badly needed. Schulze and Gibson were both excellent at full-back.

Blackheath, Richmond, Harlequins, etc.

Out of a total of twenty-eight matches Blackheath won sixteen, drew one, and lost eleven, but most of these defeats were administered by clubs outside the Metropolis. Against London teams, the "Club" has held its own, losing only to the Welsh and the Scottish, and beating the Scottish, Richmond (twice), Harlequins (twice), Old Leysians, Old Merchant Taylors, and Marlborough Nomads. Richmond were a good deal handicapped by the loss of Frank Stout, and of their two crack halves, Butcher and Hancock; nor was the three-quarter line by any means strong, and this weakness behind the scrum neutralised the advantage of a fine and powerful pack of forwards. Only nine matches out of twenty-three were won, the defeated teams including the Harlequins (who afterwards had their revenge), Rosslyn Park, Lennox, and the Nomads. The first half of the season, during which they beat, amongst others, the two 'Varsities and Northampton, was the best. After Christmas several

men had to stand down from time to time owing to injuries. The Harlequins, like Richmond, had a somewhat chequered career; their full team including the Internationals, Hammond (probably the best English forward of the year), Stoop, and Birkett, to say nothing of the Wards, Lyon, and Lambert, was a powerful one, but it was not often forthcoming. Perhaps its best performance was the defeat of Richmond by four goals and three tries to a goal. The record of the Lennox first team does not compare favourably with that of some past seasons, but the "A" and "B" teams have both done exceptionally well, and better things are confidently expected next year. The first team forwards were ably led by E. H. Mitchell, and he has been well supported by S. Graham and R. H. Haxell, by whom most of the try-getting has been done. T. Common, a comparative novice, is a promising forward of fine physique. At three-quarter, E. F. Walker (captain) and W. J. Newberry have been as useful as ever, and the halves, Bell and Blackwood, have done well. The latter would have played for his county but for an injury, while in H. Galloway the club possesses a full-back who causes many a rival side to break the tenth commandment. Rosslyn Park, thanks to the loyalty of its members, has quite a good record, and has defeated, amongst others, the Old Leysians, Lennox (twice), the Nomads, and the Old Alleynians. A. F. Solano, the Sandhurst cadet, when available, proved a useful three quarter, with the capacity for getting tries. St. Thomas's Hospital, once such a formidable side, had but a poor season, chiefly owing to the fact that no backs with any pace were forthcoming. Their chief win was against the Old Leysians. It was one of four against which have to be set sixteen losses and one draw.



R. M. Garnett (Charterhouse) C. V. Hooman (Charterhouse)

WINNERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP

Two Promising Teams

The Marlborough Nomads are another fifteen to whom the fates have not been kind, though they have at times done well—notably against Blackheath, to whom they gave a good deal of trouble before succumbing by two goals and two tries to a goal and a try. They were one of the first teams to try the eight-backs' formation, but their outside strength (particularly at half-back) was hardly sufficient to justify the experiment. On the other hand, there are two teams, hitherto regarded as being in the second flight—the U.C.S. Old Boys and the Old Blues—whose records entitle them to a higher position next season. The U.C.S. Old Boys have beaten, amongst others, the Old Leysians (twice) and the Old Alleynians, and have drawn with Lennox, while the Old Blues, though they failed to repeat their unbeaten record of the previous season, only lost one match out of twelve before the New Year; but after this they were somewhat handicapped by injuries to their players. Still, they finished up with fifteen wins to their credit as against five losses. The forwards have suffered somewhat through lack of weight, but should be stronger next year, while of the outsides, Evans (three-quarter) and Rouse (half) have done very well, and, being both young, are likely to improve.

An Appreciation of School Football

The gradual advance made by these and other minor "Old Boy" teams is distinctly gratifying, and goes some way towards discrediting the silly complaint emanating from a certain high source that Rugby football is not played as much as it ought to be in our public schools. Possibly the time wasted by Rugby Union officialdom in clumsy efforts at literary composition might be better spent in going round and finding out how much really good public school football there is knocking about in and around London. Moreover, "Old Boy" football is football of the right kind, the kind that makes both sides feel at the end of a game that they have enjoyed it, no matter who has won. It may be hoped, therefore, that these clubs will hang together in the future, and that the stronger teams, following the good example of the Old Merchant Taylors, Old Leysians, and others, will open their fixture lists to the weaker. This should soon lead to an increase in the number of clubs of this kind, for there are many schools which ought to be represented on the "Old Boy" list, but are not. It is even worth considering whether a competition on the lines of the Dunn Cup in Association might not be a good institution. It could probably be counted upon to yield some genuine sport, and the teams could be trusted not to let the spirit of rivalry interfere with the claims of friendliness and fair dealing.

Public Schools' Racquets

The two best pairs, Charterhouse and Wellington, were drawn well apart in the Public Schools' Racquets, and met in the final last Friday, when Charterhouse won by four games to one; but there was not much in it, for in the matter of aces Charterhouse only had a majority of three. The superior stamina of the Charterhouse pair pulled them through. On the last occasion when Charterhouse won (in 1893), E. Garnett, an elder brother of R. M., was one of the successful pair.

A Woman's Note Book

Beauty, Health, and Toilet Exhibition

I fancy that no one will accuse the majority of mothers in these latter days of neglecting their children. This thought was suggested, or rather I might say *re*-suggested, very forcibly to me by the recent Beauty, Health, and Toilet Exhibition in the Grafton Galleries. To say that Mrs. Ballin organised and directed this exhibition is to suggest at once that here would be found a perfect equipment for the physical and mental development of our little ones. Nor was the visitor disappointed. I found before me an almost bewildering array of objects for children's use. The grasping little people! Why, I had no idea, till I saw all our most modern and approved ideas assembled together and put into substantial object form, that they had so many requirements. A baby seems to the uninitiated a very simple thing, you know, so long as you don't let it fall and break the creature—but *is* it? Older children seem more simple still, because less fragile and more tractable—but *are* they? I turned away from the soap to preserve baby's delicate skin, and food to suit baby's delicate digestion, to shoes that were designed to leave the small person's foot free to a beautiful nature, instead of trammelled by the old-fashioned notion of a alse Art. And the shoes were typical of other things I saw there, which had all been invented by thoughtful men and women, to work out that ideal we have yet to reach—a healthy mind in a healthy body.

The Reign of the Nursery

There were baby carriages, cot, playgrounds, chairs—a veritable nursery of these specialities—toilet preparations, clothes, foods, toys; but most fascinating of all, to my fancy, was the Kindergarten display, that very human system which of late years we have so largely adopted, and, by its methods, succeeded in teaching our little ones to love knowledge, instead of cordially hating it. Of course, children were not the only section of the community catered for; there was Health, Beauty, and Toilet for adults as well; and even among the fascinating child pictures, awaiting the votes of visitors to decide upon the most beautiful, there were to be found portraits of pretty women and handsome men. But, somehow, the nursery seemed to reign over all, while the choicest things and the most ingenious ideas were reserved for that sphere, and, rightly, prevention is better than cure; and with beauty, physical and mental, as with all other things, it is easier and more successful to preserve than to restore.

Modern Mothers

The gifted editor of *Womanhood, Baby*, and *Playtime* is certainly to be congratulated on the taste she displayed in the general organisation of the scheme, for nothing was overlooked which might be of interest in the eyes of the public. Mrs. Ballin's name is a household word to hundreds of mothers throughout the country who have sought and obtained her advice and been everlastingly grateful for it. To such as these, perhaps, the exhibition, however interesting, was not an instructive *necessity*. But there are others, and among the educated classes too, who need a lesson to make them pause a moment and think. For after all, in the training of children, it is not a question of what is "good enough" but of what is the best. Only the best is good enough. It is important that this should be recognised more fully than it is, and such an exhibition, by its very suggestiveness, does much to open the eyes of the happy-go-lucky parent. LADY PHYLLIS.

A SUGGESTED DINNER MENU

Clear Soup
Sole à l'Epicurienne
Sweetbreads à la Suprême
Roast Ducks Green Peas New Potatoes
Peaches and Rice
Sardines à l'Indienne

Sole à l'Epicurienne

Ingredients required: One sole, weighing about 1½ lb., one egg, bread-crumbs, half-pint good brown sauce, two tomatoes sliced, a few button mushrooms, two glasses of sherry or white wine, lemon-juice, salt, pepper, frying fat, flour. Skin the sole, cut it across into five or six pieces, dip them in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, cover carefully with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat until nicely browned. Heat the brown sauce, put in the fish, add the tomatoes, mushrooms, and wine, and simmer gently for about twenty minutes. Arrange the pieces of fish on a hot dish in the form of a whole sole, add seasoning and lemon-juice to the sauce, strain it over the fish, garnish with the mushrooms, and serve.

Sweetbreads à la Suprême

Take two sweetbreads, put them into salt and water and bring them to the boil, and put them between two plates to flatten them; trim and cut off all the gristle underneath, then cook them in half a pint of good stock with some carrot and turnip cut small. Bring them to the boil, then simmer for twenty minutes; when done, drain and dish them up, and serve with the following sauce: Take 1½ oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, and cook well together; when cooked stir in a gill of good white sauce, add a pinch of mace, four drops of lemon-juice, and a good gill of cream, boil all well together for from five to ten minutes, pour round the sweetbreads, and serve.

Peaches and Rice

One tin or bottle of peaches. To six or eight halves of peaches allow two tablespoonfuls of rice, one pint of milk, sugar to taste, cake-crumbs or bread-crumbs, one egg, frying fat, jam-sauce. Let the peaches remain on a sieve until well drained. Simmer the rice very gently in the milk until it is thoroughly cooked, and dry, sweeten to taste, and, if liked, add a little vanilla. When cool, press a little rice into the cavities of the halved peaches, thus forming them into an oval or round shape. Coat carefully with either cake or bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat until nicely browned. The jam-sauce is made by adding water and sugar to peach or apricot jam, or red currant jelly, the whole being simmered until of the right consistency, and strained before using.

Sardines à l'Indienne

Place the yolks of four eggs in a stewpan with a pat of butter, a teaspoonful of chutney, a little salt and cayenne to taste; stir the ingredients over a slow fire till they form a fairly firm paste. Carefully trim each sardine and wipe them with a cloth. Thoroughly cover them with the mixture; egg and bread-crumb them, and fry a golden brown in a clarified butter; dish them up on strips of thin, crisp toast, and serve very hot.

EMILIA

Popularity of Antipon

THE GREATEST OF CORPULENCE CURES

Ever discovered for the distressing disease of obesity, Antipon, is at the same time a tonic of the highest value. It provides a sure means of strengthening and revitalising the system while reducing the body's bulk with unerring certainty. It is simple, easy, and pleasant to follow a course of home treatment with Antipon; and, save for the wonderful change for the better in beauty of form and general health, no friend or acquaintance could suspect that any special measures had been adopted for the permanent reduction of weight. At the table there are no noticeable or objectionable restrictions as to food or drink; and with the rapid return of strength and vitality and physical and mental energy the renewed delight in healthy out door exercise and recreation is natural. There are no drugs to be swallowed; nor is the constant use of laxatives in any way needful. Antipon wants no other help than nourishing food, for which it gives the subject a generous appetite. It also tones up the digestive system. The result is that the normal quantity of properly digested nutriment taken soon re-enriches the blood, dispels the symptoms of anæmia, makes new, sound, muscular tissue to replace the fat-impregnated cellular matter, braces up the nerves, and gives back the brightness and vigour of youth. No corpulent person could take Antipon for however short a period without some benefit, and to take the course consistently is to effect a permanent cure; for it destroys the tendency to make fat of everything consumed, and once the normal conditions of body are restored the doses may be discontinued. In appearance and physique the subject will be quite rejuvenated. Hundreds of men and women have gratefully acknowledged this in voluntary letters of thanks.

Antipon is neither a cathartic nor the reverse. It is just simply a wholesome, pleasant tonic liquid resembling light red wine in colour and consistence. It contains no substance of a mineral or otherwise objectionable nature, and is entirely harmless. The doses being comparatively small, it has the welcome advantage of economy in use.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.*, by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in cases of difficulty in obtaining it, may be had (on sending remittance) post paid, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE PRESS ON ALL SIDES

cordially welcomes Antipon, the great permanent cure for Corpulence, as one of the most valuable discoveries in recent years. The newspapers and magazines represented above are but a tithe of the publications which have given to the world enthusiastic articles on the unique value of the now famous Antipon treatment. The papers containing these articles are carefully filed for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company, where are also preserved hundreds of letters from persons in all parts of the world gratefully testifying to the permanent benefit they have received from this wonderful cure. Antipon definitely supersedes all old-time methods, which are nearly all detrimental to health, and were always weakening, and never produced any more than a temporary reduction of weight at the expense of strength and vitality. Antipon is a tonic as well as a powerful fat absorbent. It increases appetite and aids digestion, and requires that the subject should eat well of really nutritious food. There are no troublesome dietary restrictions. Good food is Antipon's only help, because it is the fundamental principle of the Antipon treatment that while the system is being "drained," so to speak, of all superabundant and diseased fatty matter it must be at the same time amply nourished. Hence, new rich blood is made, muscular development is renewed, the limbs become firm and shapely, the nervous system is revitalised. A course of Antipon makes any stout person look and feel years younger. Following the initial reduction, which varies between 8 ozs. and 3 lbs. within a day and a night from the first dose, there is a satisfactory and sure daily reduction until the attainment of normal weight and shapely proportions. The treatment may then cease, the cure being complete—*the tendency to put on flesh is destroyed.* Antipon is a refreshing tonic liquid of purely harmless vegetable ingredients. It can be taken by anyone without discomfort or inconvenience, and is neither laxative nor the reverse. Briefly, Antipon is a remedy which no stout person should fail to try. They will not be disappointed.

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Colonial Readers of THE BYSTANDER *will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, etc., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.*

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The experiment has been tried and proved of excellent avail; to wit, the spending of Easter in town. Of course, a motor-car is an essential part of such a scheme; also, almost equally important is a judicious arrangement of times and plans, whereby one escapes the brunt of the crowd on the daily spin taken into the country. But this much conceded if town happens to be your principal abode it will be found to be the one and only peaceful spot throughout a fine Easter-time. In quiet triumph we are listening to the grumblings of our friends and relations, who have been trying to enjoy themselves, under every imaginable adverse condition of crush, and have arrived back in various stages of weariness.

Moreover, our experience has clinched the matter that a motor-car is a distinct economy when holidays are worked out on these lines, contingencies that go largely to the balance of the good, even when the expenses of the year, anent tyres and repairs, are totted up.

Point-to-Point Races

Few social events have progressed more steadily in favour during the past few years than the quiet little Point-to-Point Races, a fresh centre or two springing up every year. One of the latest recruits to the pursuit is Beaconsfield, where the West Berkeley Hunt held their second meeting on Easter Monday, in the Park and country adjacent to Hall Barn.

Quite a goodly company, of most representative character, foregathered on the scene of action, a large contingent on horseback, several of the best-turned-out women wearing and looking exceptionally well in coloured habits, dark, invisibly striped brown or grey, the coats worn a good deal open in front to show a vest that was lighter in colour, as a rule, while the hard felt hat had been wisely discarded in many instances for a straw sailor.

Once again I was led to remark on the superiority of navy blue serge gowns over all others. An exceptionally striking-looking woman caught the eye over and over again, in a navy twill serge, the short coatee opening over a vest of dull embroidered gold, surmounted by a little turn-over collar of black-and-white-striped silk. Her hat was an ordinary boater, with rather wide brim, of pale grey silk, tightly strained over a foundation shape, the low crown banded with old-gold *galon*, arranged at the left side in a correct, flat, severe little bow. It was poised, of course, to a smart forward angle, while a gauze veil, spotted black, lightly enveloped the whole head, *chapeau* and all.

A pretty girl, in the palest of pale grey beige, had elected to finish her costume with a Parma straw mushroom hat, simply wreathed with clusters of Parma violets, and a *crêpe* scarf, precisely the same shade, entwined around the throat. Exceedingly telling, also, was a skirt of emerald green frieze, worn with a cool white muslin shirt and a small toque of green straw, trimmed with brown tulle and a cluster of pheasant-tail feathers, a pheasant brown chiffon scarf completing the attire.

Demodé Items

No one but the hopelessly deficient in judgment will contemplate this season the possibilities of the cheap scouring flannel materials. Over that we may write the epitaph, "*Requiescat in pace*," since the populace have secured it for their own, which, happily, has in no way affected the attractions of the good quality Irish friezes that promise to abide, as ever, in the best favour. Also, I am fain to preach moderation in the height of the hat *bandeaux*. Contrary to all expectation has this fancy caught the understanding of the lower middle classes, and the Easter holidays have served to reveal so many distressing plagiarisms, it is impossible not to tremble for the near future of this lately exclusive conviction.

In the distance, a hat that has apparently no connection with the head, verges dangerously near to the ludicrous; wherefore, I think a moment has come in the tide of the hat *bandeau* that, taken at the flood, will lead to a reasonable moderation. Merely because it is enshrouded in superstition, the peacock-feather decree is obviously hanging fire here, and this despite the assurance that the dyeing process does away with the traditional ill-luck attending the wear.

Another notable millinery innovation is a cage—so-called—of foliage. On a model of dull mauve straw, this cage, which is in reality a deep, closely packed wreath, mounted on a light wire foundation, enclosed the crown, veiled in green tulle, the back of the brim turned completely up beneath three immense Alphonse roses. Notwithstanding, however, a plethora of rivals, the mushroom holds its own steadily as the style best suited to the majority

HURLINGHAM CLUB. Programme for Season 1906

POLO.

MAY
Wed. 2. Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 3. Mulgrave House *v.* Elvaston Castle
Sat. 5. Royal Horse Guards v. Hurlingham
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 7. Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Eaton Hall *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 8. Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 9. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 10. White's Club *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 12. Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham
Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
London Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 14. American Freebooters *v.* Hurlingham
Eaton Hall *v.* Elvaston Castle
Tues. 15. Wellington Club *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 16. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
21st Lancers *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 17. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 19. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 21. Boodle's Club *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 22. Orleans Club *v.* Hurlingham
Heavy Cavalry *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 23. Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 24. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham, at Ranelagh
Eaton Hall *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 26. Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Royal Horse Guards (Subalterns) *v.* Hurlingham
Ladies' Driving Competition
Mon. 28. **Social Clubs' Tournament**
Tues. 29. **Social Clubs' Tournament**
Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham

MAY
Wed. 30. Red Rovers *v.* Hurlingham
Derby Day.
Thurs. 31. Heavy Cavalry *v.* Light Cavalry
JUNE
Sat. 2. **Social Clubs' Tournament, Final**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham, at Roehampton
Mon. 4. Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
American Freebooters *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 5. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 6. Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Hurlingham
Old Cantabs *v.* All Ireland Polo Club
Thurs. 7. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 9. Old Oxonians *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Musical Ride and Cavalry Display
Mon. 11. Rugby *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 12. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 13. Moreton Morrell
Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 14. Eden Park *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 16. **International Match, England *v.* Ireland**
21st Lancers *v.* Hurlingham
Mon. 18. **Champion Cup Tournament**
Tues. 19. **Champion Cup Tournament**
Wed. 20. **Champion Cup Tournament**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 21. **Champion Cup Tournament**
Royal Artillery *v.* Hurlingham
Red Rovers *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 23. **Champion Cup, Final**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Hurlingham *v.* London Polo Club, at Crystal Palace

JUNE
Mon. 25. **Inter-University Match, Oxford *v.* Cambridge**
Tues. 26. Stock Exchange *v.* Hurlingham
Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 27. Royal Horse Guards (Subalterns) *v.* Hurlingham
Moonlighters *v.* Hurlingham
Thurs. 28. 1st Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Hurlingham Lodge *v.* Mulgrave House
Sat. 30. Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Moreton Morrell *v.* Hurlingham
Gymkhana. Victoria Cross Race
JULY
Mon. 2. American Freebooters *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 3. Parthians *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 4. **Inter-Regimental Tournament, Ties**
Thurs. 5. Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Beavers *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 7. **Inter-Regimental Tournament, Final**
Soldiers Past *v.* Present
Mon. 9. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 10. Mulgrave House *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 11. **County Cup, Ties**
Thurs. 12. Soldiers Past *v.* Inniskilling Dgns.
Sat. 14. **County Cup, Final**
Elvaston Castle *v.* Earl Chester's Yeomanry
Mon. 16. **Handicap Tournament**
Tues. 17. **Handicap Tournament**
Wed. 18. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Cavalry Club *v.* Hurlingham
Sat. 21. **Handicap Tournament, Final**
Inniskilling Dragoons *v.* Hurlingham
Magpies *v.* Hurlingham
Tues. 24. 1st Life Guards *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 25. Hurlingham Lodge *v.* Mulgrave House
Thurs. 26. 16th Lancers *v.* Hurlingham

FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS, including the Annual Visits of the Four-in-Hand Club and Coaching Club, will be made as the Season progresses. Any such arrangements will be duly ADVERTISED in the *MORNING POST* and Sporting Papers. The above Programmes are subject to any alterations that the Committee may deem advisable.

CROQUET.

THE CLUB CROQUET TOURNAMENT, for Members of Hurlingham Club and Friends nominated by Members, will be held on **Monday, June 11, 1906,** and following days.

A CROQUET TOURNAMENT, open to all Members of the Croquet Association and the Members of the Hurlingham Club, will be held on **Monday, June 18, 1906,** and following days.

BAND ARRANGEMENTS AND OTHER EVENTS.

The Band of His Majesty's Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) will perform on **Saturdays from May 20 to the end of the Season,** from 4 to 6.30 p.m.

The Band of the Imperial Yeomanry will perform on Whit Monday, June 4, from 4 to 7 p.m.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING BANDS.

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB BAND, under the direction of Chevalier Arrigo Bocchi and conducted by Signor Fossati, will play every Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday from 5 to 6.30 and from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., commencing on Saturday, May 20.

The above Band, and all Entertainments given at the Hurlingham Club, can be secured for Garden Parties, At Homes, etc., throughout the Season by applying to Messrs. Ashton and Co., 38, Old Bond Street, or to the Secretary of the Hurlingham Club. The Evening Bands will be supplemented by the following Entertainments:

Four Kinematograph Displays, Nine Sunday Concerts (Vocal), Two Pyrotechnic Displays, Venetian Fete, Two Pastoral Plays, Japanese Fete, Geisha Dancers.

The dates on which the above Entertainments will take place will be notified on the weekly Programmes during the season, and also advertised on the front page of the *Morning Post*.

The above Programmes are subject to any alterations the Committee may deem advisable.

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SUMMER IN THE PYRENEES.

Easy communication by steamer to Bordeaux and on by rail (or viâ Paris).

The most agreeable climate of this delightful mountain district (WHICH IS NOT OVERCROWDED BY TOURISTS), is that of

VERNET-LES-BAINS,

where the hot months are always cool on account of the altitude and abundant shade of this "paradise," the attractions of which include mineral waters (world-renowned for the treatment of the COMPLEXION, RHEUMATISM, and GOUT), a Casino, Trout Fishing, and Mountain Excursions.

Full details from

KIECHLE BROS., Vernet-les-Bains, France.

A charming modern edition of the pinafore frock

DRAWN BY MISS H. C. HOARE

of faces, and most amenable to a variety of circumstances. At the same time, let the fact be clearly accepted that a mushroom, according to an intelligent or unintelligent disposal, can be at once the epitome of smartness or a piece of unmitigated dowdiness.

The Pinafore Frock

As a revelation of modern inspiration, the sartorial evolution of the pinafore frock stands supreme. In the simplest and most familiar form, with straps passed over the shoulder, it is infinitely charming for linens, which are ineffably enhanced by the under-bodice and big sleeves of lawn or muslin. But that is the mere beginning of a departure rich in possibilities, one whereof has been illustrated by Miss Hoare. The fabric employed for this gown is one of the new checked taffetas, with deep plain border, in an effective mingling of chestnut brown and white, supplemented by a lace blouse in the lately decreed *maïs* shade. The picture tells its own clear story without further explanation, although attention may, perhaps, be drawn to the graceful open epaulette arrangement, on which are introduced tiny topaz buttons. A ladder of little old rose bows is carried up the centre front of the lace yoke, to which a sympathetic response is made in the wreath of shaded roses encircling the low crown of the white crinoline *chapeau*. At the back, deftly disposed loops of soft black satin ribbon, some falling quite low down over the hair, add a "particular *cachet*" to a simple model.

Queen's Hall Concerts

Though the regular season of Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall has concluded, Mr. Henry J. Wood has initiated an extra series of Spring concerts. Of these, the first, which took place yesterday (Tuesday) was devoted to the works of Tschaikowsky, including the "Symphonie Pathétique," "Francesca da Ramini," and the Violin Concerto, interpreted by Mr. Kreisler. On May 3, at three, another concert will be given, which will include a repetition of Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, while on the following Thursday, the 10th, a Wagner concert will be given. A very notable feature of these concerts is the admirable analytical programmes, edited by Messrs Percy Pitt and A. Kalisch, which are certainly model examples of the way this sort of work should be done

RANELAGH CLUB. Preliminary Programme of Fixtures, 1906.

APRIL
Sat. 7. Sir Henry Seton-Karr's Golf Team *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 24. } Ladies' Annual Golf Tournament
Wed. 25. }
Sat. 28. Parliamentary Golf Match

MAY
Tues. 1. Entries close for Handicap Tournament
Members' Games
Wed. 2. Handicap Tournament Ties
Thurs. 3. Semi-Finals of the Handicap Tournament
Sat. 5. **Final of the Handicap Tournament**
Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 7. Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh
Soldiers (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 9. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Mosquitos *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 10. Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 12. 1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Magpies *v.* Ranelagh
21st Lancers *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 14. Hunt Challenge Cup commences
Tues. 15. Hunt Challenge Cup Ties
Wed. 16. Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Rokeby *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Artillery *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 17. Semi-Finals of the Hunt Challenge Cup
Sat. 19. **Final of the Hunt Challenge Cup**
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
21st Lancers *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 21. Parthians *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 23. Magpies *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Rokeby *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 24. Hurlingham *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Eden Park *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 26. 2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
American Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Worcester Park *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 28 Rokeby *v.* Ranelagh
House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 30. 1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 31. House of Lords *v.* Ranelagh
Eaton *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh

JUNE
Sat. 2. Magpies *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Mosquitos *v.* Ranelagh
Parthians *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
American Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Mon. 4. Army Cup Commences
Tues. 5. Army Cup Ties
Wed. 6. Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Rokeby *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 7. Semi-Finals of the Army Cup
Sat. 9. **Final of the Army Cup**
Parthians *v.* Ranelagh
American Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Hatfield Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Polo Gymkhana and Ladies' Sports
Mon. 11. 21st Lancers *v.* Ranelagh
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Rokeby *v.* Ranelagh
Tues. 12. Ranelagh *v.* Hurlingham
Wed. 13. Magpies *v.* Ranelagh
Rugby *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 14. Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 16. **Aldershot Day**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Rokeby *v.* Ranelagh
Parthians *v.* Ranelagh
American Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Musical Drive by the Royal Horse Artillery
Musical Ride by the 21st Lancers
Military Sports
Push Ball
Mon. 18. Novices' Cup commences
Tues. 19. Novices' Cup Ties
Wed. 20. Royal Artillery *v.* Ranelagh
21st Lancers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 21. Semi-Finals of the Novices' Cup
Sat. 23. **Final of the Novices' Cup**
1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Ranelagh Horse and Polo Pony Show
Mon. 25. Ranelagh Open Cup commences
Tues. 26. Ranelagh Open Cup Ties
Wed. 27. 1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 28. Semi-Finals of the Ranelagh Open Cup

JUNE
Sat. 30. **Final of the Ranelagh Open Cup**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Mosquitos *v.* Ranelagh
American Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Ladies' Automobile Gymkhana by Members of the Ladies' Automobile Club

JULY
Mon. 2. House of Lords *v.* Ranelagh
House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
2nd Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 5. Parthians *v.* Ranelagh
Eaton *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Mosquitos *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 7. Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
Moonlighters *v.* Ranelagh
Aldershot Polo Club *v.* Ranelagh
Woodpeckers *v.* Ranelagh
Finals of Croquet Tournament
Naval Display
Mon. 9. Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup commences
Tues. 10. Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup Ties
Wed. 11. 1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
Tiverton *v.* Ranelagh
American Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Beavers *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 12. Semi-Finals of the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup
Sat. 14. **Final of the Ranelagh Subalterns' Cup**
Magpies *v.* Ranelagh
Vale of White Horse *v.* Ranelagh
Pony Gymkhana
Mon. 16. Hunt Tournament commences
Tues. 17. Hunt Tournament Ties
Wed. 18. 1st Life Guards *v.* Ranelagh
21st Lancers *v.* Ranelagh
Parthians *v.* Ranelagh
Moreton Morrell *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 19. Semi-Finals of the Hunt Tournament
Sat. 21. **Final of the Hunt Tournament**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Ranelagh
House of Commons *v.* Ranelagh
Woodpeckers *v.* Ranelagh
Eden Park *v.* Ranelagh
Polo Pony Races
Mon. 23. Soldiers (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Red Rovers *v.* Ranelagh
Wed. 25. Freebooters *v.* Ranelagh
Etceteras *v.* Ranelagh
Thurs. 26. Gardeners *v.* Ranelagh
Wanderers *v.* Ranelagh
Sat. 28. Soldiers (Past and Present) *v.* Ranelagh
Household Brigade *v.* Ranelagh

ROEHAMPTON CLUB. Polo and Croquet Programme, 1906.

APRIL
Sat. 28. Members' Games
Mon. 30. Moreton Morrell *v.* Eaton
Whites Club *v.* Roehampton

MAY
Wed. 2. Rugby *v.* Moreton Morrell
21st Lancers *v.* Roehampton
Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham, at Hurlingham
Thurs. 3. Eaton *v.* Roehampton
Sat. 5. Roehampton *v.* Moreton Morrell
Magpies *v.* Tiverton
2nd Life Guards *v.* Parthians
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham, at Hurlingham
Mon. 7. **Handicap Tournament**
Members' Croquet Tournament
Tues. 8. **Handicap Tournament**
Wed. 9. Tiverton *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Rugby
House of Commons *v.* Roehampton
21st Lancers *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 10. **Handicap Tournament**
Whites Club *v.* Hurlingham, at Hurlingham
Fri. 11. **Handicap Tournament Final**
Sat. 12. Rugby *v.* Mr. Buckmaster's England Team
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Roehampton
Beavers *v.* Moonlighters
Roehampton *v.* Hurlingham, at Hurlingham
House of Commons *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 14. Whites Club *v.* Moreton Morrell
Eden Park *v.* Magpies
Wed. 16. Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Moreton Morrell
Parthians *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 17. Eaton *v.* Old Marlburians
Worcester Park *v.* Roehampton
Sat. 19. Rugby *v.* Old Rugbeians
American Freebooters *v.* Magpies
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Roehampton
Parthians *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 21. **Public Schools Cup Ties**
Moreton Morell *v.* Magpies
Peel Memorial Handicaps Croquet Tournament
Wed. 23. **Public Schools Cup Ties**
1st Life Guards *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 24. Beavers *v.* American Freebooters
Fri. 25. POLO PONY SHOW

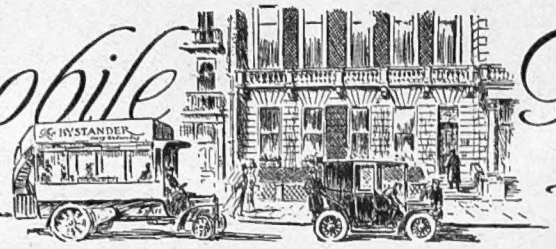
MAY
Fri. 25. Roehampton *v.* Worcester Park, at Worcester Park
Sat. 26. **Public Schools Cup Final**
21st Lancers *v.* Roehampton
Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Parthians *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 28. Roehampton *v.* Rugby
Moonlighters *v.* Moreton Morrell
Wed. 30. Derby Day
American Freebooters *v.* Magpies
Tiverton *v.* 21st Lancers
Eaton *v.* Moreton Morrell
Thurs. 31. **Handicap Tournament** (to be finished in the day)

JUNE
Sat. 2. Hurlingham *v.* Roehampton } Whitsuntide
Beavers *v.* Roehampton
Moreton Morrell *v.* Roehampton
21st Lancers *v.* Royal Artillery
Mon. 4. Moreton Morrell *v.* Rugby
Eaton *v.* Roehampton
Wed. 6. American Freebooters *v.* Magpies
Royal Horse Guards (Subalterns) *v.* 21st Lancers (Subalterns)
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 7. Rokeby *v.* Roehampton
Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Tiverton
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham, at Hurlingham
Sat. 9. Rugby *v.* Ireland
2nd Life Guards *v.* Beavers
Royal Horse Guards *v.* Tiverton
House of Commons *v.* 21st Lancers
Roehampton *v.* Worcester Park, at Worcester Park
Mon. 11. Tiverton *v.* Roehampton
Eden Park *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh, at Ranelagh
Rugby *v.* Hurlingham, at Hurlingham
Members' Croquet Tournament
Wed. 13. Roehampton *v.* Ireland
American Freebooters *v.* Moonlighters
Tiverton *v.* Parthians
House of Commons *v.* 2nd Life Guards (Subalterns)
Rugby *v.* Ranelagh, at Ranelagh
Thurs. 14. Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Eaton *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh, at Ranelagh
Fri. 15. GYMKHANA
Sat. 16. Magpies *v.* Roehampton
Roehampton *v.* Eaton

JUNE
Sat. 16. Beavers *v.* Moonlighters
1st Life Guards *v.* 2nd Life Guards
Mon. 18. Tiverton *v.* Rokeby
Eden Park *v.* Roehampton
Wed. 20. Moonlighters *v.* Parthians
American Freebooters *v.* 2nd Life Guards
Magpies *v.* Mr. Grenfell's Team
Red Rovers *v.* Roehampton
Thurs. 21. **Handicap Tournament** (to be finished in the day)
Fri. 22. Roehampton *v.* Worcester Park, at Worcester Park
Sat. 23. Mr. Grenfell's Team *v.* Roehampton
21st Lancers *v.* 1st Life Guards
Magpies *v.* Royal Artillery
House of Commons *v.* 2nd Life Guards (Subalterns)
Mon. 25. **Junior Championship**
Open Championships Croquet Tournament
Wed. 27. Roehampton *v.* Ranelagh, at Ranelagh
Sat. 30. **Junior Championship Final**
Moonlighters *v.* Roehampton
21st Lancers *v.* 2nd Life Guards
1st Life Guards (Subalterns) *v.* Roehampton

JULY
Mon. 2. **Roehampton Cup**
Fri. 6. GYMKHANA
Sat. 7. **Roehampton Cup Final**
American Freebooters *v.* Magpies
Royal Artillery *v.* Beavers
House of Commons *v.* Roehampton
Mon. 9. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament**
Challenge Cup, Croquet Tournament
Sat. 14. **Ladies' Nomination Tournament**
Royal Horse Guards *v.* 21st Lancers
Moonlighters *v.* Beavers
Red Rovers *v.* Parthians
Mon. 16. Eden Park *v.* Magpies
London Polo Club *v.* Roehampton
Wed. 18. **Handicap Tournament** (to be finished in the day)
Thurs. 19. Moreton Morrell *v.* Roehampton
Worcester Park *v.* Roehampton
Sat. 21. Moonlighters *v.* 21st Lancers
1st Life Guards *v.* Royal Artillery
2nd Life Guards *v.* Roehampton
Red Rovers *v.* Rokeby
SEPT. 3. **Champion Cup, Croquet Tournament**

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

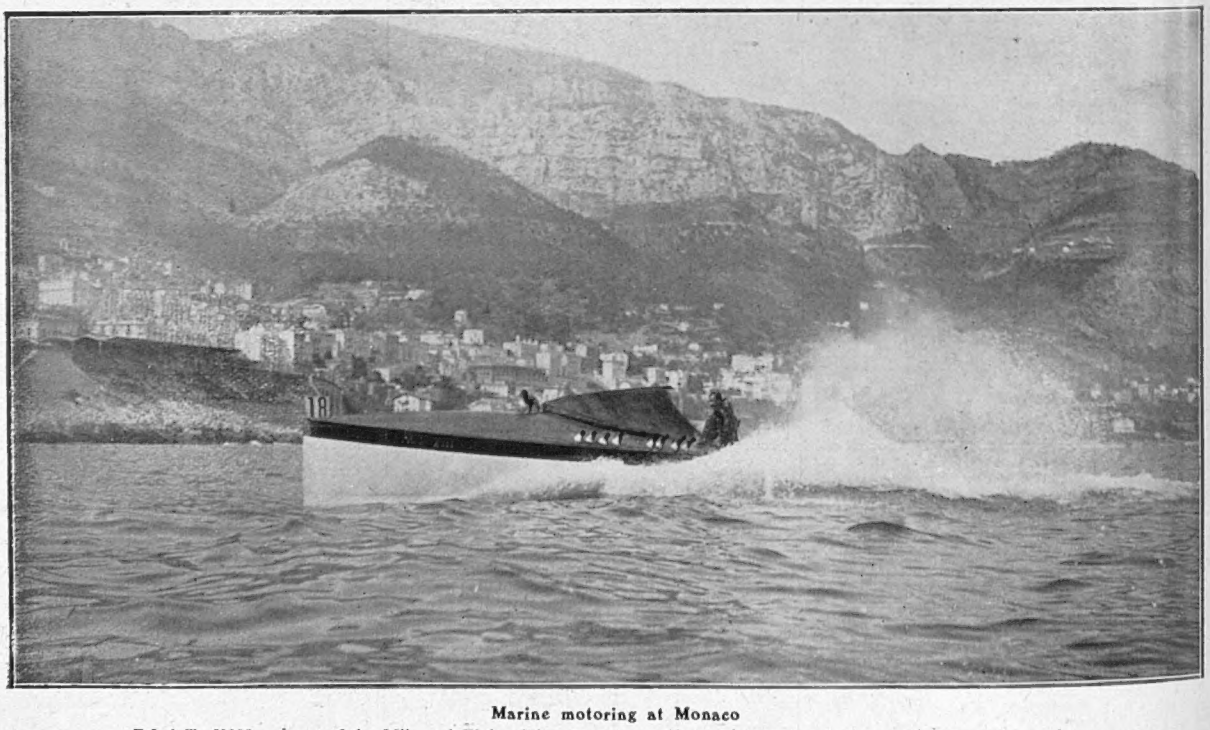
Midland Automobile Club

Members of the Midland Automobile Club assembled in force on Easter Saturday to "assist" in the Club's first reliability trial of the season. The meeting-place arranged was the Beggars Bush Inn at New Oscott, a spot some seven miles from Birmingham on the Chester Road, and the objective the Royal Oak Hotel at Bettws-y-Coed in North Wales, some 106 miles distant. By 9 a.m., the environs of the little rustic hostelry presented a scene of remarkable animation as car after car came dashing up to be marshalled and started in due sequence. Each car carried a full complement of passengers, including an observer whose duty it was to note every stop for mechanical or tyre adjustment. Personally, acting in that capacity proved the veriest of sinecures. I was appointed to the car—a 20 h.-p. Clement-Talbot—driven by Mr. W. Stokes, one of the keenest motoring amateurs in the Midlands, and a driver of quite exceptional skill. The day was gloriously fine, and as we bowled along over the excellent road surface of historic Watling Street to Shrewsbury, no hitch or hindrance of any kind intervened between us and felicity. We were obliged by the club rules to make a stop of at least thirty minutes for lunch, Shrewsbury being one of the places suggested, but as the hour was yet early when we crossed the English Bridge and negotiated the steep and narrow windings of Wyle Cop, we decided to run to Llangollen, some thirty miles further on. After a sojourn of sixty-five minutes in the straggling Welsh town, we ran through to Bettws, arriving with an absolutely clean sheet and full marks to our credit.

Among other competing cars to experience similar good fortune was the 15 h.-p. Ariel, driven by Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Junr., who qualified for a non-stop medal, despite the fact that his near-side front tyre punctured some ten miles from home. Mr. Du Cros, nothing daunted, drove on the rim, and steered his car round the twists and twirls of the approach to Bettws with complete success.

Apropos, that little Ariel has a history which is interesting. First brought out for the Phœnix Park events of 1903, it enjoyed a career of great distinction until the disastrous fire in Long Acre early in 1905, when some score of valuable cars were reduced to scrap metal. The engine of the Ariel, with some of the parts, were found to be in perfect condition, however, and were rebuilt on a new frame. Wheels and body were added, and the car is to-day as good as ever. This may fairly be cited as an excellent testimony to the sterling quality of British workmanship.

Mr. Cecil Edge, driving a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, arrived first at Bettws, with a non-stop run to his credit, and others to attain that distinction were a 10 h.-p. Alldays and a 6 h.-p. De Dion. The programme arranged by the M.A.C. for the season



Marine motoring at Monaco

F.I.A.T. XIII., winner of the Mile and Flying Kilomètre races. She attained a speed of over thirty-one miles an hour